Vol. XCVII.—No. 1256] JANUARY 11, 1928 [at a Newspaper

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Why 4 out of 5 are Penalised

Look around you. The faces of men and women you pass in the street reveal the appalling truth. Neglect is taking its toll in health. And 4 out of 5 after forty, with thousands younger, are innocent victims of that grim foe — Pyorrhœa.

At These Uneven Odds . . . . Don't Gamble

What an insidious enemy it is! Its poison that forms at the base of the teeth creeps through the body. Health is destroyed. Such troubles as rheumatism, stomach disorders, anæmia and facial disfigurement often follow.

But two simple preventive measures will protect health. Let the dentist examine your teeth and gums at least twice each year. And start using Forhan's For the Gums, regularly, morning and night.

This dentifrice prevents Pyorrhœa or checks its vicious course — if used regularly and in time. It keeps the gums firm, the teeth white; it also protects them against acids which cause decay!

So, to be on the safe side, start using Forhan's For the Gums now. Teach your children this good habit. At all chemists — in tubes.

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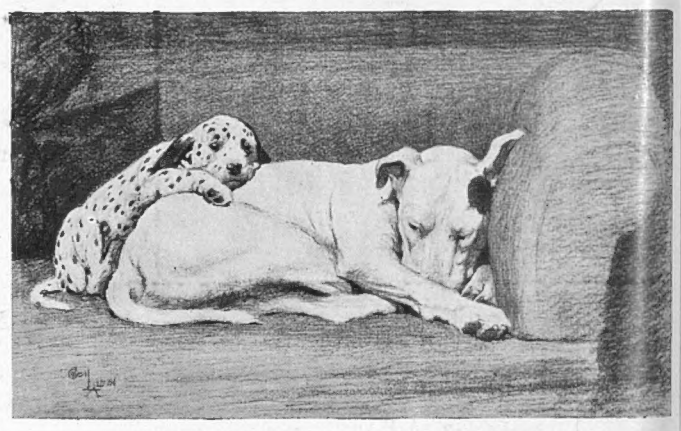

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by
CECIL ALDIN

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No. 1256 Vol. XCVII

The BYSTANDER

BY C. MORSE

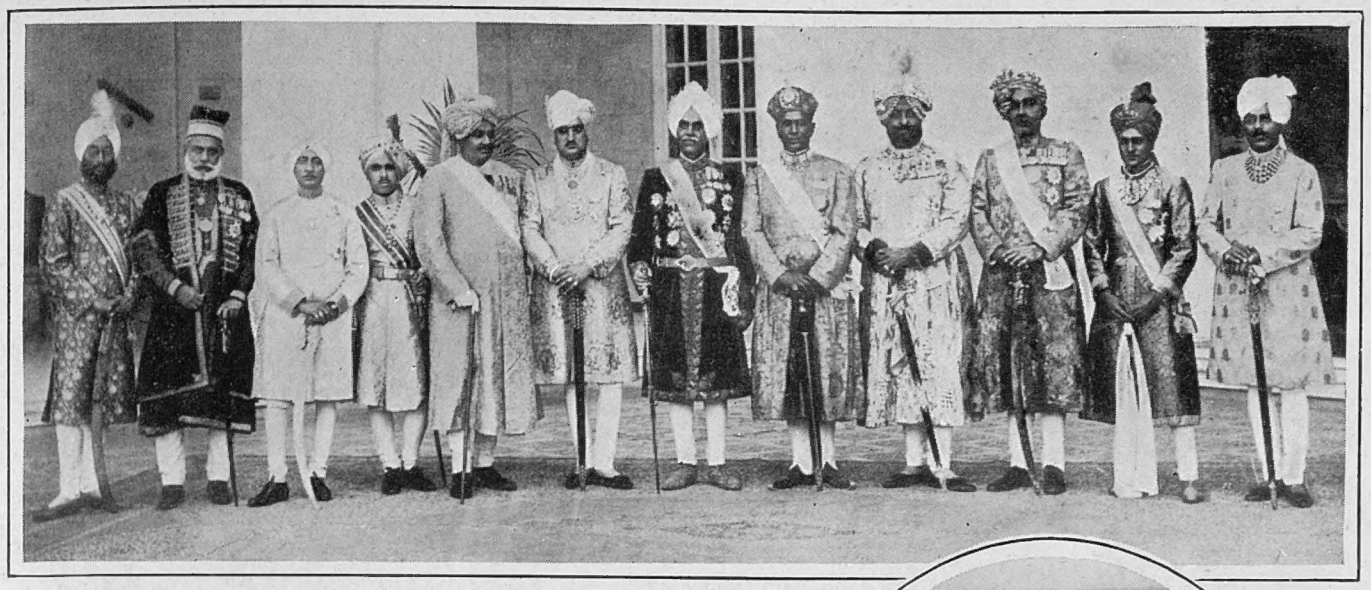
"CURTAIN UP"

FATHER TIME: "Overture and beginners, please"

Hay Wrightson

LADY PRINGLE

Who is the wife of Sir Norman Pringle, the 9th Baronet, who succeeded his father, Captain Sir Norman Pringle, in 1919. Lady Pringle was formerly Miss Winifred Olive Curran, and is a keen sportswoman



AN INDIAN JUBILEE *Central News*

A group of the Indian Princes photographed at the recent jubilee celebrations of the Maharaja of Kapurthala. Left to right: The Raja of Kalsia, the Nawab of Loharu, the Nawab of Maler Kotla, the Raja of Mandi, the Jamsaheb of Nawanagar (Ranji), the Maharaja of Kashmir, the Maharaja of Kapurthala, the Shri Manaraj of Alwar, the Maharaja Dhiraja of Patiala, the Maharaja of Bikaner, the Maharaja of Bnaratpur, and the Nawab of Palanpur

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE

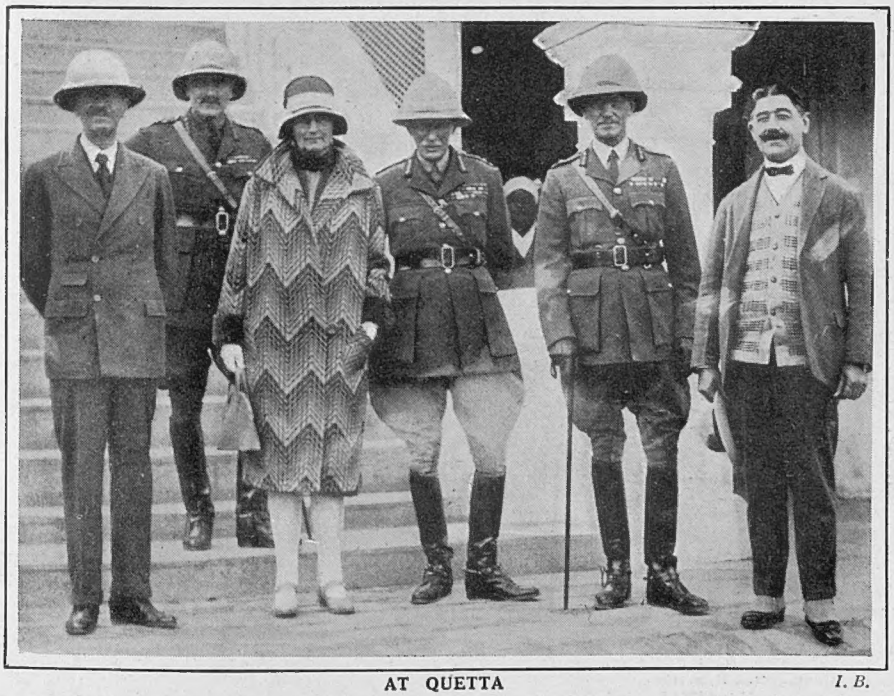
BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The New Year's Honours

For once in a way the three baronies announced in the New Year's Honours list are unusual. That of Lieut.-Colonel G. A. Gibbs is the reward of twenty-one years' Parliamentary service. During that time he has represented only one constituency—West Bristol. He has been Government Whip, and is Treasurer to the Household, a post which he now occupies for the second time. Last July he married the Hon. Ursula Lawley, the Queen's Maid of Honour for fifteen years, one of the many marriages which have taken place between members of the Royal *entourage*.

A MEETING OF KINGS *Planet News*

King Amanulla of Afghanistan photographed with King Fuad of Egypt. They are seen attending a review of the Egyptian Army



AT QUETTA *I. B.*

Some of the official party that welcomed King Amanulla of Afghanistan on his arrival at Quetta. The group includes Sir Laming and Lady Worthington-Evans, Lt.-Gen. Sir Charles Harington Maj.-Gen. J. W. O'Dowda, and Maj.-Gen. Charles

Your Bystander can remember when the handsome Sir Frederick Lugard was the lion of more than one London season because of his doughty doings and wise administration in Africa. Anyone who knows South Africa will tell you that much of its administration today is based upon the foundations laid by Sir Frederick. From East Africa, West Africa, and Northern Nigeria, Sir Frederick went to Hong-Kong as Governor, returning thence to Africa as Governor of South and North Nigeria, and then for five years as Governor-General of Nigeria. He is now British member of the Permanent Mandates Commission of the League of Nations. Twenty-five years ago Sir Frederick's marriage made a great stir. His bride was Miss Flora Shaw, a brilliant newspaper correspondent, who was as great

MRS. STOPFORD BIRCH *Rita Martin*

Who before her recent wedding to Mr. Stopford Birch, the son of Lady Barrington by her first marriage, was Miss Ranafrid Holdfodt, her father, General Holdfodt, being Commander-in-Chief of the Norwegian Army. She has accompanied her husband, who is a Councillor in the Diplomatic Service, to Rio de Janeiro

A BRIDE-TO-BE *Janet Jevons*

A new portrait of Miss Dolores Rudd, whose engagement was recently announced. Her fiancé is Mr. Cyril Tolley, the well-known amateur golfer

a personality in journalism as her husband was in African administration.

In Two Parliaments

THE third barony, that conferred upon Sir Gerald Strickland, settles a difficult question between this country and Malta. Sir Gerald is Prime Minister of Malta, and at the same time sits—or has sat until now—as Member for Lancaster in the House of Commons. Thus he has had the distinction of being the only Englishman to sit in two Parliaments. Despite Sir Gerald's popularity in Malta, this double *rôle* has not found favour in the island. But the odd thing is that some member of the Strickland family was not given a peerage centuries ago.

The story of the family is one of those romances which seem only to happen to the descendants of old English squires. The Stricklands date back to the time of King John. In the reign of Henry III the Strickland of that day married an heiress, and built Sizergh Castle, in Westmorland, which has been the Strickland home ever since. In every reign they distinguished themselves. A Strickland carried the Banner of St. George at the Battle of Agincourt. And whilst they were doing public and national service, like the Gowers of Stittenham, now my Lords Duke of Sutherland, they went on marrying heiresses. Of these, marriages with Neville and Standish heiresses greatly enriched them.

A Romantic Story

NOW, as the mid-Victorian novelists used to say, the scene changes to Malta. The son of the Strickland who married the Standish heiress had several sons. The fifth, Walter Strickland, went into the Navy and became a post-captain. Whilst he was stationed at Malta he met, fell in love with, and married Louisa, the only daughter of the Chevalier Peter Monpalao, the niece of Count della Catena. This title had been conferred on the ancient Maltese family of Bologna by the Grand Prior of Malta in the days when the great Order of the Knights of St. John held sovereign sway in the island. A clause in the patent ordained that the title should go to any heir to whom the Bologna estates might descend. Sir Gerald Strickland was their son.

Captain Walter Strickland, although the fifth son, by one of those curious sweeping away of elder brothers which so often happens, succeeded to Sizergh Castle.

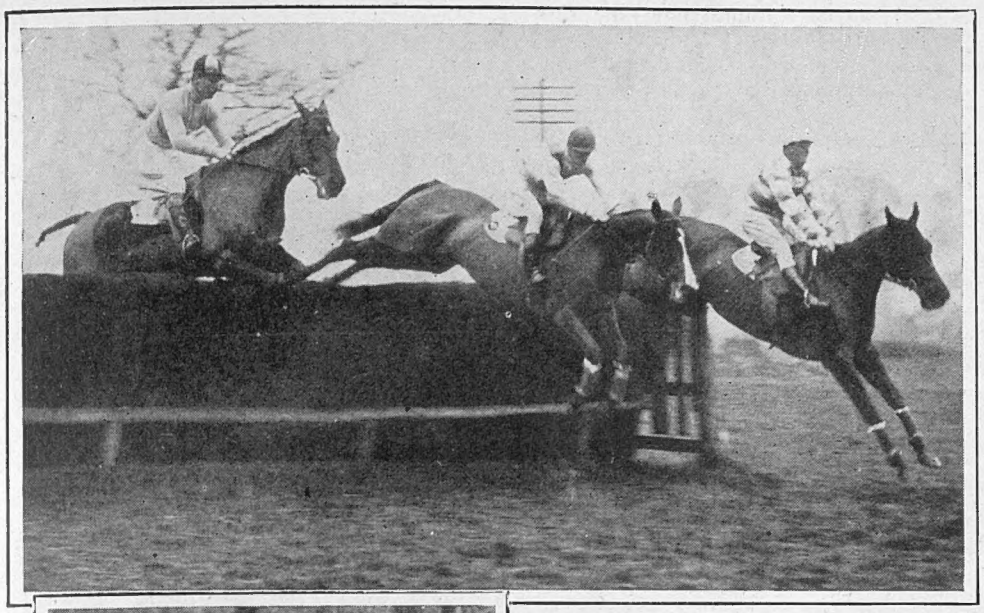
Central Press

LEAVING THE CHURCH

Sir Robert Douglas Gooch leaving Holy Trinity Church, Brompton, with his bride, Miss Moyra Saunders, daughter of Dr. C. Howard Saunders, of Southampton. Sir Robert is the third baronet

AFTER THE WEDDING *Vandyk*

A photograph taken after the wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster, between Mr. Hendric D. Oakshott, son of the late Mr. Arthur Oakshott and Mrs. Oakshott, and Miss Joan Withington, daughter of the late Mr. Marsden Withington and Mrs. Withington. The group shows the bride and bridegroom, the best man, Capt. T. A. Oakshott, the bridesmaids, Miss Marcus and the Misses C. and E. Oakshott, and the pages and trainbearers, Masters John and James Turner and the Misses S. and L. Dickson



Sport and General

NECK TO NECK AT PLUMPTON

Three of the field photographed taking a fence in the Worthing Handicap Steeplechase at Plumpton. This was won by Mr. H. Beaufoy's Honest Boy (Farragher up)

Topical

A FAMILY AFFAIR

Miss Nora Moyna and Master Patrick Moyna photographed at a recent meet of the Louth Hunt. This took place at Louth Hall, Ardee, Co. Louth

When Count della Catena died in 1882 his niece and heiress, Mrs. Walter Strickland, was dead. The Privy Council decided that by the Grand Master's patent the title and the Bologna estates were her son's inheritance. Thus Sir Gerald Strickland became the representative of one of our oldest families in England—he succeeded to Sizergh on the death of his father—and of an ancient Italian family settled for centuries in Malta.

Immediately after becoming Count della Catena in Malta Mr. Strickland, as he then was, took the keenest interest in the affairs of the island, and fifteen years later received a K.C.M.G. for his services. Then he became Governor of the Leeward Islands, of Tasmania, Western Australia, and New South Wales, an astonishingly varied record which has been capped by his being elected as Prime Minister in the Malta Legislative Assembly.

The new peer's first wife, Lady Edeline Sackville, an aunt of the present Earl de la Warr, died nine years ago. A year or so ago he married Miss Margaret Hulton, a sister of the late Sir Edward Hulton, the newspaper proprietor.

Honours for Music

Two honours have been paid to music in the New Year's List, a K.C.V.O. to Sir Edward Elgar and a knighthood to Mr. Edward German. Sir Edward Elgar, the greatest of living English composers, received a knighthood twenty-three years ago and the Order of Merit—an Order instituted by King Edward to mark especially distinguished service to the country, and which has only fifteen members—sixteen years ago. But for the last three years Sir Edward has been Master of the King's Music; his knighthood of the Royal Victorian Order, therefore, is a mark of the Royal appreciation of his work in that office, the honours of that Order being now reserved as recognition of personal service to the Sovereign.

L.N.A.

THE PRINCE WITH THE COTTESMORE

The Prince of Wales photographed at a recent meet of the Cottesmore at Lullenham Station. The Prince's keenness for hunting seems unabated this season

Mr. Edward German, who is now also Sir Edward, is a composer of much lighter vein than Sir Edward Elgar; but who has ever forgotten his comic opera, *Merrie England,* and the gay and sparkling dances and incidental music he wrote for Irving's historic production of *Henry VIII?* Those dances are still in the *répertoire* of every orchestra that doesn't play jazz. Sir Edward German also composed the march for the King's Coronation.

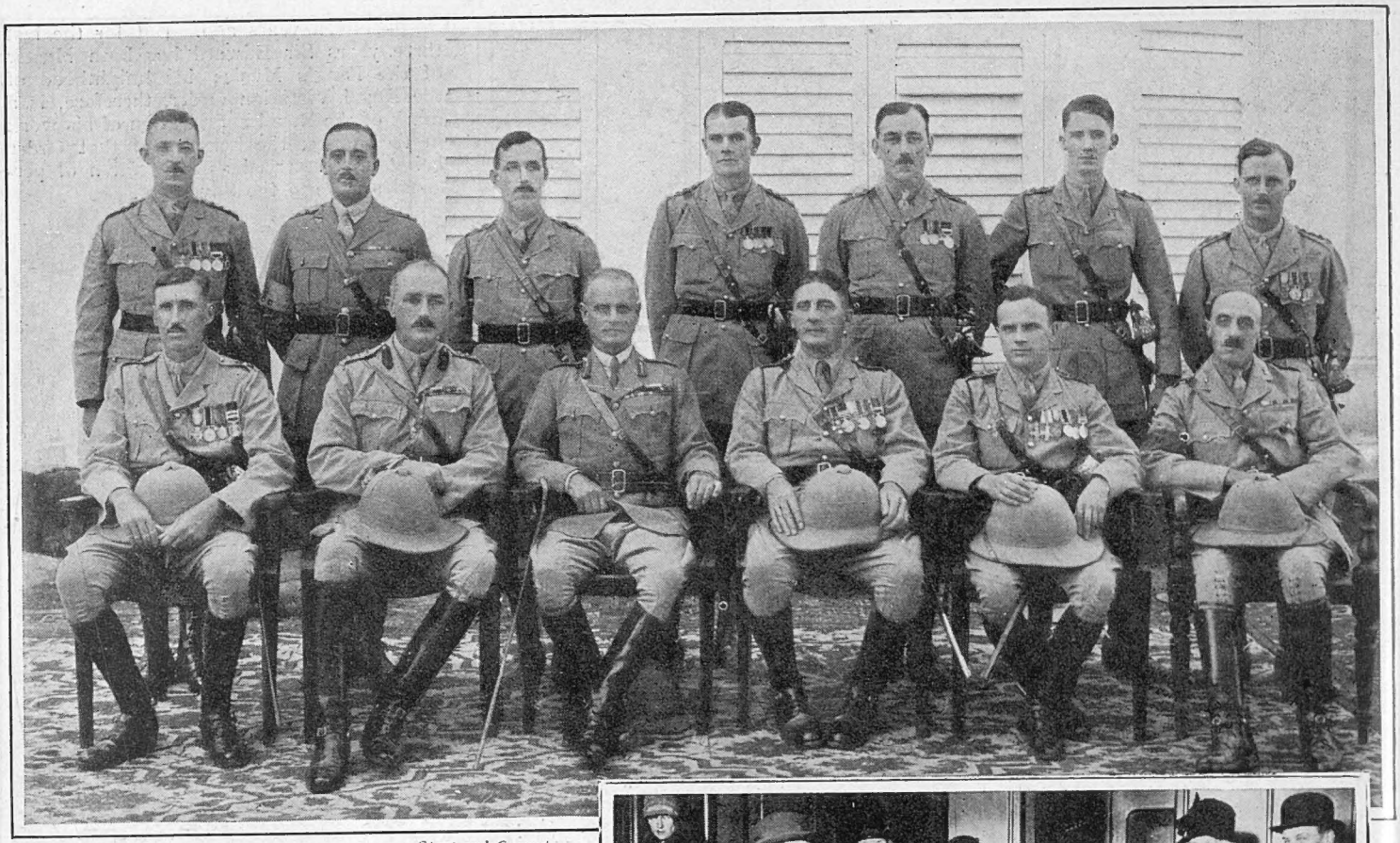
G.P.U.

A NEW SCHOOL OF COOKERY

Mrs. Hilton Philipson, M.P., photographed opening the Soho School of Cookery at Messrs. Crosse and Blackwell's premises at 20, Soho Square, W.1. The group includes Mr. Frank Blackwell, Mrs. Hilton Philipson, and Mr. James Erskine (right)

A New Year's Party

Princess Beatrice, happily recovered from a cold which had kept her within doors for several days, gave a dinner party at Kensington Palace on New Year's Eve. The Marquess and Marchioness of Carisbrooke, the latter in a white beaded dress with superb pearls; her mother, the Countess of Londesborough; the Swiss Minister and Madame Paravicini; and Sir John and Lady Maxwell were some of the guests. After dinner the Dettmar Dressel Trio (Mr. Dettmar Dressel, Mr. Harry Dugarde, and Miss Mirian Duncan) gave a programme of music, in which one item, Mendelssohn's Trio in C minor, is a particular favourite of Princess



Sport and General

AT MADRAS

Field-Marshal Sir William Birdwood, Commander-in-Chief of the Army in India, photographed with officers of the 2/10th Baluch Regiment, stationed at St. Thomas's Mount, Madras. On his left is the Commanding Officer, Lieut.-Col. C. R. L. FitzGerald, D.S.O.

Beatrice's, as it was of her mother, Queen Victoria. When the programme was ended the Princess asked Mr. Dressel to play some violin solos until the Palace clock struck twelve. Then there was a charming scene, the Princess, who wore a dress of purple and gold, going round the circle of her guests and giving each her New Year's wishes.

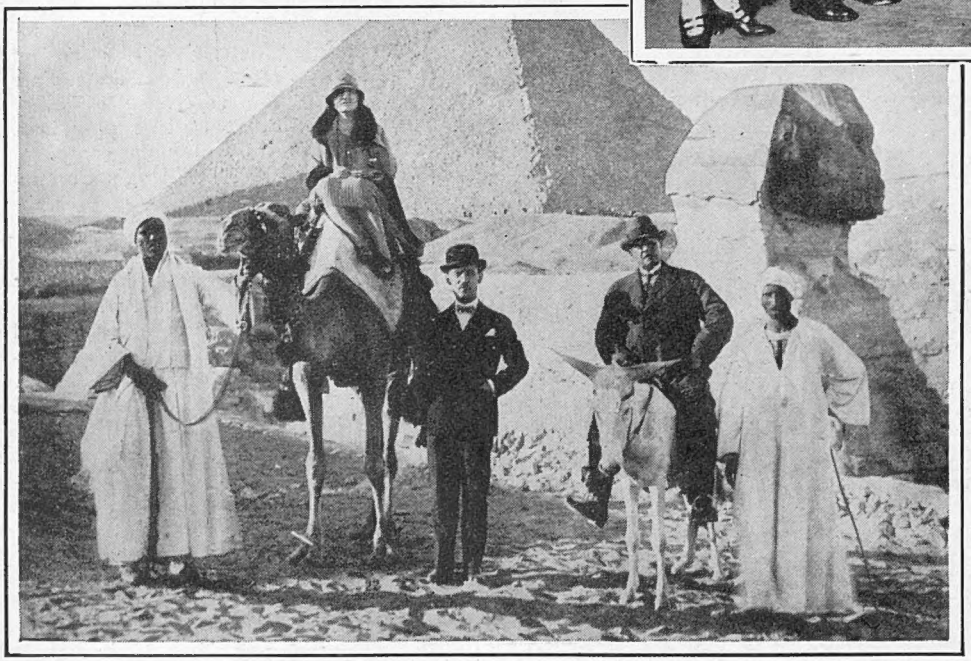
All to the Westward

IT would almost seem as if there was an unwritten law ordaining that no foreign Embassy or Legation in London should be further eastward than Portland Place. At least, if you draw a line from Portland Place to Carlton House Terrace all the Embassies and Legations are west of that line. In Portland Place itself there is one Embassy and two Legations, those of China, Sweden, and Poland; and in Carlton House Terrace the German Legation, in the big corner house by the Duke of York's Steps, which was the scene of such brilliant entertaining in the time of the last German Ambassador, Prince Lichnowsky.

The Japanese Embassy is in Portman Square, and the Netherlands Legation in Montagu Place, but these and the three in Portland Place are the only ones north of Oxford Street. The Knightsbridge region seems especially favoured, with the French Embassy in Albert Gate, the Austrian Legation in Belgrave Square, the Belgian

SAYING *AU REVOIR* *Topical*

Lady Elizabeth Byng photographed at Victoria Station before her departure for Nairobi, where she is to be married. The group shows, Mrs. Lafone, the bridegroom's mother (left), Lord and Lady Strafford, Lady Mary Naylor, the bride's sister, Lady Elizabeth Byng, Lady Margaret Boscawen, and Mr. Lafone



BOUND FOR ENGLAND *Keystone*

A photograph taken near the Sphinx, at Cairo, of Mahmond Tarzi Khan, the father-in-law of H.M. Amir Amanulla Khan of Afghanistan. Mahmond Tarzi Khan, who is seen seated on the donkey, is Minister of Exterior, and is in charge of the arrangements for the Royal tour

Embassy in Lowndes Square, the Spanish Embassy in Grosvenor Gardens, the Czecho-Slovakian Legation in Grosvenor Place, the Danish Legation in Pont Street, and the Afghan Legation in Knightsbridge itself.

But South Kensington is the most favoured region of all, there being nine Legations in that district—Bulgaria, Persia, Greece, Roumania, Lithuania, Estonia, Georgia, Jugo-Slavia, and Norway — with the United States Embassy in the late Mr. Pierpont Morgan's house in Prince's Gardens. The Norwegian Legation is the most westerly of all, being in The Boltons, South Kensington.

The Country and the Civil List

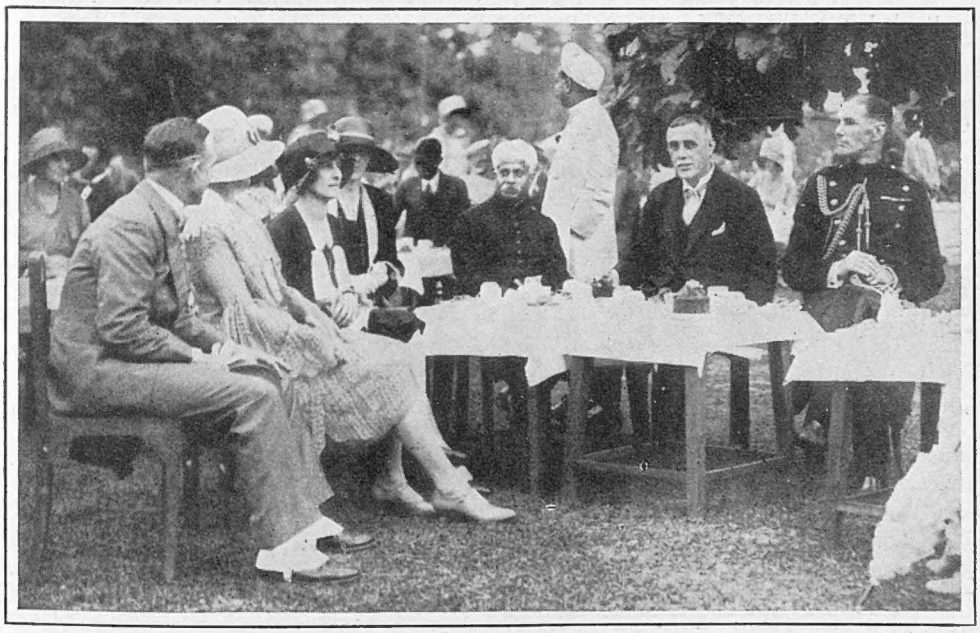
THERE are very few people nowadays who criticise the cost of our British Sovereignty. Once upon a time it was a favourite topic for newspaper comment, especially when it was a case of Parliament being applied to for grants to members of the Royal Family. Those who do make any criticism are not only woefully ignorant but distinctly absurd. Our Monarchy is not only an entirely self-supporting institution, but it is also a source of profit to the nation.

When each Sovereign succeeds he surrenders the hereditary lands which he inherits with the Crown to the nation, receiving in return for himself and his family a fixed Civil List. George III was the first Monarch to make this surrender. In his time the annual value of the Crown lands was £89,000 a year, which meant a large sum of money to be provided by the nation, as his Civil List was huge. Twenty-seven years ago the income was £450,000. In the financial year which ended last March it had risen to nearly a million and a half. After all expenses of administration, etc., had been paid, a sum of £950,000 remained to meet the Royal Civil List of £633,000, which leaves the nation with a profit of £317,000. This has no parallel in any other country in the world, no matter what its form of government may be.

Willie Burke

EN FAMILLE

Lieut.-Colonel F. C. C. Balfour, C.I.E., M.C., with his wife, the Hon. Mrs. Balfour, and their two children, Eustace and Jeanette. Colonel Balfour is the Acting Governor of the Red Sea Province of Sudan



Topical

TAKING TEA

A photograph taken at the first garden party of the season given in the grounds of Government House, Calcutta by Lieut.-Colonel the Rt. Hon. F. S. Jackson. Second from the right is seen Sir Alexander Murray

The King's Pictures

FOR many years past Mr. Lionel Cust—now Sir Lionel, as he received a K.C.V.O. in the New Year's Honours—has been Surveyor of the King's Pictures and Works of Art, which meant that he not only had charge of all the pictures at Windsor and in the various palaces, but also of all the Royal art collections. Sir Lionel has now resigned, and his appointment has been made into two, Mr. Collins Baker, of the National Gallery, becoming Surveyor of His Majesty's Pictures, and Sir Cecil Harcourt-Smith Surveyor of His Majesty's Works of Art.

In appointing Mr. Collins Baker to the charge of the Royal pictures the King follows the precedent set when Sir Lionel Cust was appointed, he, too, having served at the National Gallery. Mr. Baker has a knowledge of pictures, especially of Old Masters, which has given him a unique position in the world of art and a consideration amongst foreign connoisseurs which few Englishmen enjoy.

Riviera Notes

By DOUGLAS W. THORBURN

SOME of my friends seem to imagine that the life of a writer on the Riviera must be one long round of pleasure. In the olden days they would doubtless have described it as beer and skittles, but these are not fashionable in the sunny south. There is, however, another side to the picture. I wrote a week or two ago of the welcome end of our rainy spell and of the promising weather outlook, but during the inevitable interval between the posting of the article to London, its setting up in type, and the eventual delivery of copies of that issue on the Riviera, the weather had entirely changed, and my remarks were read at a time when the usually sunny region was covered in snow. As it was more than thirty years since anything like it had been seen, the contrast was all the more striking, and, anyway, in two days nearly all traces of the historic event had disappeared, which is more than you can say in the frozen north! All the same, some of my friends proceeded to pull my leg about it, as though I were in some way responsible. I should like to emphasise that what I write is quite right when I write it—but it is necessarily written many days before it appears in print.

IN THE SUNSHINE *Rey*

Sir Charles and Lady Wakefield enjoying a stroll in the bright Riviera sunshine. The photograph was taken at Cannes

LAST week the climate was even more unkind to me, for, owing to the extraordinary state of cross-Channel transport, my article did not get to London at all. Another public calamity—if the expression be allowed—also affected the Riviera, where by that time we were once more enjoying mild, sunny days. For the first time on record the directors of the Casino in Cannes had promised us an entertainment in English, and Miss Betty Fairfax and Mr. Keith Kenneth, with a West End company, were to have appeared in Sir Charles Hawtrey's success, *The Naughty Wife*. Owing to the snowstorms and tempests in the Channel, the company was held up at Victoria or Dover for days, and at the last minute we were offered an old French piece as substitute, which was not in the least interesting to the English-speaking audience, most of whom stayed away. The English comedy, however, is only postponed, and everyone is hoping that the support it receives will encourage the directors of the Casino to arrange for further productions for the benefit of the English-speaking colony.

BACK TO NORMALITY *Sport and General*

With the passing of the snow, the fine weather returned to Cannes, and the sun shone to such good effect that the beach was soon crowded once more. The photograph taken on the beach shows the Riviera in a happier mood than when the photographs of Cannes which appear on the next page were taken

THE Christmas celebrations all along the Riviera were fully up to expectations, large crowds of visitors having arrived before the transport problem became serious. New Year's Eve was still better, for it is a more important festival in the French calendar than Noel, and is celebrated vigorously by everybody.

A GREAT many well-known people were at the gala dinner at the Carlton, which, needless to add, was as well done as ever. Mr. and Mrs. Solly Joel had the largest party of the evening, their guests including Sir Arthur and Lady Crosfield, Colonel H. G. Mayes, Colonel and Mrs. Carthew, Major and Mrs. H. E. Lyons, and Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Locke and Miss Sheila Locke. Mrs. Locke was making her first public appearance at any dinner this season, and everyone was glad to see her looking much better after her serious illness. The Hon. Evan Morgan, on his return journey from Rome, where, it is said, he has been to ask for the blessing of the Pope on his forthcoming marriage, was dining with Sir Coleridge and Lady Kennard and in high spirits, while others noted were Sir John Rutherford, with a small party of guests, Miss Betty Balfour and her aunt, Comte and Comtesse de Lapeyrouse, Lieut.-Colonel Gerard, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Van den Bergh, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Tindall, Mr. Milton Bode, and Mr. Gulbenkian, the famous oil magnate.

PRACTICALLY everyone went on later to the Restaurant des Ambassadeurs, where something like eight hundred guests had assembled for supper, and many others were unable to get a seat. The enormous restaurant was at its

A UNIQUE OCCURRENCE *Le Ncir*

An unusual photograph of the Casino at Cannes, taken after the heavy snowstorm which visited the Riviera. The celerity with which the weather amended its ways and the snow vanished is proved by the photograph from Cannes seen on the preceding page

very brightest, and there were familiar faces at every table. Billy Arnold's fine band is this season better than ever, and the scene when the combined brass instruments of his musicians and those of the Mordrez-Brodmann tango orchestra led the singing of "Auld Lang Syne," followed by various other more or less appropriate songs, was something to be remembered. The exhibition dances of Tamara and Robert, Karinska and Rilber, and the irresistibly droll Hal Sherman aroused a perfect storm of applause. I remember noting among the countless others present the Marquess of Reading, Prince and Princess Christian of Hesse, Prince and Princess Renier de Bourbon-Siciles, Prince and Princess Gennaro de Bourbon, Lady Boot, with a big party which included Major-General Sir Herbert and Lady Mansfield; Countess Sondes, Sir Charles and Lady Cayzer, Sir Charles and Lady Mandleberg, the Hon. Esmond and Mrs. Harmsworth, Sir Mortimer and Lady Davis, and General A. C. Critchley and his bride.

IT was long after 2 a.m. before anyone thought of leaving, and then many went on to one or other of the various night-clubs which are now a feature of Cannes. The smartest of them all is certainly Casanova, where the unique decoration scheme, the novel lighting, and the perfect service of a handsomely costumed staff composed of Russian ex-officers, combine to produce an atmosphere which is quite special and very attractive. Apparently it is never too late to drop into Casanova, and one can only assume that the members of the excellent orchestras and the staff in general sleep all day. Another new night resort is the Sorriento, in which several well-known members of the cosmopolitan set in the town are understood to be interested, and it gives every promise of proving a financial success.

THERE were many jolly children's parties around Christmas. The largest was, as usual, at the Grand Hotel, where M. Berrioux has a special knack of doing these things extremely well. Countess Sondes gave a big party at the Hôtel de Provence for her grandchildren, the little Cayzers, and their friends, while on the following day Prince and Princess Christian of Hesse had a wonderful party at the Villa Mariposa, which was at the same time a Christmas celebration and a birthday party for their youngest daughter, the beautiful little Princess Tita, to give her the name by which she is generally known. By a very kindly thought a number of orphans from the Russian Home for Refugees had also been invited, and their evident gratitude and their charming behaviour were a joy to see, and delighted everyone present.

D. W. T.

ABOARD THE LUGGER *Rey*

Mrs. Wynne Green Wood visits her yacht Dikaia after the snowstorm at Cannes. The Arctic appearance of the yacht was of but brief duration

AT PRACTICE *Topical*

Miss Eileen Bennett, the lawn tennis "star," practising at the Carlton Club. She is playing in the first International lawn tennis tournament held on the Beau-Site courts at Cannes

Sport and General

THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY TEAM

CAMBRIDGE NOTES

FULL term at Cambridge begins on Friday. At present the town is fairly empty. There are a few examinees about—mostly mighty classics come up to do battle for the University scholarships. As usual, there are bunches of rowing men at each college up early for practice. But otherwise Cambridge is very quiet.

The vacation's sport has been on the whole fairly successful from the Cambridge point of view. The Soccer match was admittedly a blow. The score was a little withering even for those who had not been too enthusiastic beforehand. But there was good compensation in the remarkably fine cross-country win, which, I believe, astonished the Cambridge team as much as it did its supporters. Last year Oxford won by an unmentionably large margin, and this year it was only the fine running of the Cambridge team (especially Skelton and Dennis Jessop, the two Johnians who came in second and third) that brought off a win. The Rugger match we won, as we expected to, but with the unexpected loss of Wilf. Sobey, which added uncertainty to the game.

Next term is always a busy one from the games point of view. There is the hockey match on February 18, which we shall presumably go up to see in mass. The footballers, both Rugger and Soccer, have matches arranged during January and February, though in the Lent term Varsity football is exceedingly dead, and the sides tend to become very A-teamish. Much of the interest tends to pass to the College Knock-out matches, which have been fought during the last few years with a fire and intensity reminiscent of a Public School house match. At Fenner's there is to be the continuation of the Inter-Collegiate Athletic Competition, with the University sports to finish off the term. And, lastly, on the river, the aristocrats will prepare for their much-trumpeted progress down to Putney, while the mere ordinary oar will settle down to those melancholy weeks of practice that end in the Lent races.

I wonder whether we shall hear more, when we all get back to Cambridge, of the Rugger Night affair. The Senior Proctor, when he made his pronouncement to the papers (*so* good of him, wasn't it?) talked of a proclamation or petition, on the model of the one that was used some years ago to stop ragging on Armistice Day. I suppose this might work. Cambridge must be feeling a little silly about the affair, if one can judge by the number of one's friends who are now blankly denying having put a nose out-of-doors that night. But, anyway, a petition or proclamation would have to wait till December. Meanwhile, one can only hope and pray that we shall be spared ponderous recriminations in the *Cambridge Review* and other guardians of our morals.

The most unfortunate part of the affair is that a small and peculiar section of the University has now given its reputation to the University as a whole. (I wonder what the obscure science students in Downing, for instance, thought of the leaders or the blasé, reckless, and extravagant Cantab. But perhaps they never read the papers.) The moral of the affair seems to be, if you must get drunk, get drunk in Cambridge, where you can do so without causing any harm. London, remember, has other things to think about. RAB.

THE ST. MORITZ TEAM *P. and A.*

The Ice Hockey teams, representing Cambridge University and St. Moritz, who, on the Kulm Rink, played a drawn game, each side scoring two goals. Both teams are competing in the Olympic games at St. Moritz

Personalities in the New Year's Honours List

Hay Wrightson

A PEER'S WIFE

The Hon. Mrs. George Gibbs, whose husband, Lieut.-Colonel the Rt. Hon. George Gibbs, M.P., has been raised to the peerage. He is Treasurer of the Household

Speaig't

LIEUT.-COL. SIR E. W. MACKAY GRIGG

The Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Kenya Colony since 1925, who receives a K.C.M.G. He already holds the K.C.V.O., C.M.G., D.S.O., and M.C.

Hay Wrightson

LADY SARGENT

Whose husband, Sir Percy Sargent, C.M.G., D.S.O., received a knighthood. He is Honorary Consultant Surgeon to the Ministry of Pensions

Vandyk

SIR GOMER BERRY, BART.

One of the five new baronets in the Honours List. Sir Gomer, with his brother, Sir William Berry, and Sir Edward Iliffe, recently purchased the "Daily Telegraph"

Vandyk

LADY (GOMER) BERRY

Who with her husband has done a great deal of hard work in the cause of charity, particularly for the Infants' Hospital, Vincent Square

Bassano

A NEW BARON

The Rt. Hon. Sir Frederick Lugard, G.C.M.G., C.B., D.S.O., former Governor-General of Nigeria, who becomes a baron. He is a Privy Councillor

Bassano

SIR EDWARD GERMAN

The famous composer, whose work in the world of music has been recognised with a knighthood. His works are world famous

Angus Faith

SIR GERALD STRICKLAND, G.C.M.G., M.P.

Becomes a baron. He is the M.P. for Lancaster, and Prime Minister of Malta. In the Maltese nobility he is Count della Catena

Bassano

SIR GEORGE WILLIAM JONES, M.P.

Receives a knighthood for Political and Public services. He represents Stoke Newington in the Conservative cause, and is a jurist of note

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

The Teething Stage

TERRIBLY difficult, isn't it, to approach any annual event without dealing with conventional things in hackneyed phrases? Here is 1928 in its teething stage, as you might say, and what new thing can be said of it?

Hold Me Down

"NEW Year's resolutions," suggests the mild little man with the indeterminate chin. Hold me down, somebody, before I do him an injury! And yet if you, dear reader, can suggest nothing better, why should *his* young life be cut short because he betrays a certain lack of imagination? He has tried to be helpful according to his lights, and there is some merit in that.

A Draughty Circus

I HAVE read many retrospects of 1927 by inspired scribes who have been terribly wise after the event. They have told us of the horses that could not win the Derby—and of the horse that did. They have given lists of the year's theatrical successes—and of its failures. They have placed certain politicians in the Hall of Fame—months after those brilliant fellows had hung up their hats and taken their seats in that draughty circus.

The Glamour of the Obvious

HERE you have the conventional mind striding magnificently through the arid desert of the obvious. Any schoolboy with a decent memory could tell us the things they set forth, or, failing that infant phenomenon, a clerk with a file of daily papers could say all that they have said. Yet I am not sure that there is not a certain glamour about the obvious, and that it comforts us to be told the things that we know are possibilities not too remote to be considered Yet there *are* alternatives one could commend to these industrious scribes.

Much Too Clever

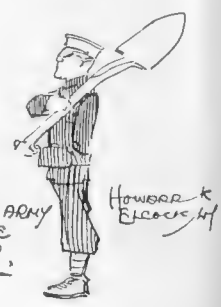
BUT they have been much too clever to hazard any guesses on the happenings of the next twelve months. They have not told us, for instance, which horse will win *this* year's Derby—nor which pending production will draw the Town for a couple of seasons—nor what names will appear in the *next* Honours List. Not a hint as to the winners at Wimbledon in 1928. No dogmatic pronouncement on dog racing. I have even searched in vain for the winner of the Boat Race or of the Varsity match at Lord's. What a lack of enterprise is thus displayed!

What Fun!

IT may seem conventional on my part, after these strictures on certain of my colleagues, to deal with the old, old question of Leap Year. But I only want to suggest, quite seriously, that it would be a good thing for our sex if the privilege of making the first advances could be extended to the ladies now and always. In fact, I would like to see each and every year a Leap Year. It puts you in such a strong position if you, knowing your own mind, can just sit back and force some pink-eared *débutante* to declare her passion. What fun that would be!

Work for the Army

THE correspondent who wrote to my morning paper during the hard weather to suggest that the Home Army should be used for snow clearing evidently reads his



Bystander. In our Riviera Number—which, you are hereby reminded, broke all existing records—it was told how the French Army was called in to work on the roads in order that the sanitary arrangements of Juan-les-Pins might be completed by Christmas. Commenting on the possibility of such a thing happening in England, I said: "How the old Colonels would sniff, and how Brigadiers would faint like flies in the placid Service clubs of Pall Mall."

Without Prejudice

Yet the suggestion was worth making—providing, of course, that all the unemployed had first been absorbed. Being in Edinburgh at Christmas, I was told that the one thing they like to see at that festive season is snow, and lots of it; the reason being that it solves the unemployed problem for the time being. The tramways have a special fund, which is really considered as a charity, in which the Christmas dinners of this volunteer army depend. Each man gets five shillings a day—without prejudice to the Dole—and what could be fairer than that?

The Lighter Side

Are we Londoners to lose the lighter side of life? Time was when a Varsity rag was a very jolly wind-up to a sporting day and we all entered into the spirit of the thing—until it became overdone and developed into sheer hooliganism. Time was, also, when the passing of the old year was joyfully celebrated on the steps of St. Paul's—until that also became an excuse for rough horse-play on the part of a rabble of roughs. It will be a pity if these silly fellows rob us of all our more light-hearted celebrations.

Nothing Personal

Maurice Chevalier, who scored such a great personal success in *Whitebirds*, has had a song specially written for him on the subject of being home again. It is called "Quand on Revient," and he is singing it with great success at the Casino de Paris—his spiritual home. I expected to find included in it some rather personal references to the *débâcle* at His Majesty's, but Maurice has wisely decided to let bygones be bygones, and the ditty is just pleasantly sentimental in character. An up-to-date version of "Home, Sweet Home," in fact!

In the Pyrenees

If this copy of The Bystander finds you at Biarritz or St. Jean de Luz, may I commend to your notice Capt. Leslie Richardson's "Things Seen in the Pyrenees"? I have no doubt you will be able to secure a copy in some enterprising Basque bookshop, but if it isn't you will find it worth writing for. It is published by Seeley and Co., and forms one of their admirable little series of "Things Seen." The full-page illustrations—there are over thirty of these—are a welcome feature.

Removing the Lock

At the moment of writing the valley of the Thames becomes more deeply submerged, and the tributaries of the parent river are all busily engaged in adding to the general damp and desolation. There is a project on foot, I gather, to remove the first lock on the Thames at St. John's Bridge, Lechlade, where stands the old Trout Inn, famous with anglers the world over. How this would affect bungalow dwellers at Chertsey and Shepperton we have yet to learn, but it is no unusual thing to force the lock when the family are on holiday and the bath tap has been left running.

On Humour

Surely, surely, surely it is up to some modern humorist to arise and laugh Dora out of court once and for all! But have we, among our many excellent triflers, one with sufficient sincerity and punch to perform this very necessary task? After all, it is not sufficient for a humorist to be merely a writer who has cultivated the trick of saying funny things. He should have just as definite a point of view and be just as definitely sincere as the most solid writer of the most solid leaders in the most solid of our daily papers.

By David Wilson

THE "THAW"!

Wigan and Wakefield

Gracie Fields, that extraordinary young woman who made a great provincial reputation in a touring family revue and then took London by storm, is to be Sir Gerald du Maurier's leading lady at the St. James's. I wonder how she will like it? Is it possible that she will suffer from a nostalgia for the wide, open spaces of Wigan, Warrington, and Wakefield? West End actors gasped when Miss Fields refused to consider earlier offers to appear permanently on the London stage. Every producer of revue was after her, but she finished her week at the Alhambra and caught the Sunday train North with a sigh of regret. Sir Gerald has succeeded, but I shall never be surprised if his new leading lady seizes the earliest opportunity to rejoin her old friends "on the road."

RUGGER REFLECTIONS

A BREATHER

By PENDARVES

"THE following matches are cancelled . . ." and then came a dismal list of everything that was worth seeing everywhere—not to be seen. And the next morning the truly remarkable spectacle of exactly three match results published in the Sunday papers instead of about three hundred. A most curious situation! Still, one had the satisfaction of reading the account of the Waratahs being dragged almost by the scruff of the neck out of their dressing-room at Bristol and then setting about Gloucester and Somerset in grim earnest. They objected very strongly to play, and they were perfectly right. The straw-covered ground had hard, ugly-looking patches: places on which a heavily tackled man might easily break an arm or a leg. And this when one of their most important matches, England to wit, was pending the very next Saturday.

There was a lot of unfavourable, and grossly unfair, comment made by the Bristol crowd upon the attitude of the New South Wales players on that day. But it was noticeable, apparently, that those who criticised were obviously not men who had ever played the game of Rugger or had the faintest idea what it means to turn out on a ground as treacherous and dangerous as this ground appeared to be. However, the referee finally, and it was said very optimistically, pronounced the ground "fit for play." So then New South Wales grumbled a way into its shorts and boots and got busy: happily with only one casualty—not a serious one—that to Tancred's shoulder.

An amusing incident comes to hand from the Murrayfield ground on the day when New South Wales went down before the feet of Scotland and lost the gallant fight. It will be remembered that on this occasion the referee was a Welshman. A Scottish spectator in the stand became very angry about this, and expressed in no uncertain manner his disgust that in a match of this importance "these New South Wales people should be allowed to have one of their own countrymen refereeing. It was all wrong!" Yes, it was.

One of the most pleasant pieces of news during the "dead" week-end of Rugger was to hear that the Old Leysians had reached a jubilee celebration. In 1877 a notice appeared in the School Magazine to the effect that it was proposed to inaugurate an Old Boys' team; and on December 29 of that year some half-dozen Old Leysians met and formed the nucleus of the club we all know and respect to-day. It is particularly gratifying to see that they have reached a jubilee season of continuous existence, because once or twice they have been very near extinction. In the years 1886 to 1890 the club was at the height of its form, when it established a firm reputation for itself among the London clubs. Then it experienced a succession of lean years, largely owing to a heavy casualty list. But loyalty to the school was firm, and, although there was talk of abandonment, they managed to hang on. Many ups and downs were experienced for the next four years until 1903-4, when they had another strong revival, and continued to make good until the season of 1911-12, when, having developed the eight-back system, they won fourteen matches off the reel, among the losing opponents being brass-hatted people like the Scottish and Cambridge University. Then the War hit them terribly hard, and thereafter they only carried on with the greatest difficulty. Nevertheless, they are flourishing again to-day, and all keen Rugger men are glad of it, because the best spirit of the game is paramount in Old Leysians, and always has been.

Another excellent aspect of the Rugger game which is showing itself this season (and it is only during infrequent weeks of breathers, such as this, that one can devote space to it) is the prominence leading newspapers give so frequently to the doings of the schools. It pleases me mightily to see whole paragraphs on Rugger pages devoted to school records and results. It would not please me so much if it were only what, for want of a better term, one may call the limelight schools. But I see accounts, written evidently by games masters or captains of fifteens, of the Rugger progress of many of the lesser-known places which a couple of years ago would not have got an inch of space in the big newspaper noises. This is a most admirable thing in every respect.

On this very interesting page in one paper I notice with regret that St. Albans School, for example, wants a hooker very badly. Well, it is in good company. London wanted one dambadly against New South Wales a little while ago. And several other famous sides have suffered recently from the same complaint. But cannot St. Albans (or any other school in the same misfortune) get busy and *make* one? All their men are there on the spot, standing to for orders. One would have thought that somebody could have been put into the front row and *made* to hook under pain of—well, the usual school penalties. If this sort of thing cannot be achieved at school, then where in all the world of Rugger?

By Mac

"ON GUARD, GENTLEMEN!"

An impression of T. H. Cotton, the Langley Park professional golfer, and the two acceptors of his challenge for a match for "sundry moneys." After meeting Jack Smith, of Wentworth, his next duel will be with R. E. Ballantine, of Sherwood Forest

Leading Rugger Clubs

No. 11.—ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL

"Bart's" has turned out many a famous medical man as well as many a famous Rugby footballer, though perhaps the first distinction sometimes pales in comparison with the second, anyway, on a Hospital Cup Final day! This season's "Bart's" XV has an excellent full-back in W. F. Gaisford, while R. H. Bettington, the Oxford Cricket and Rugger Blue, is still a prominent member of the pack

Produced December 14, 1927

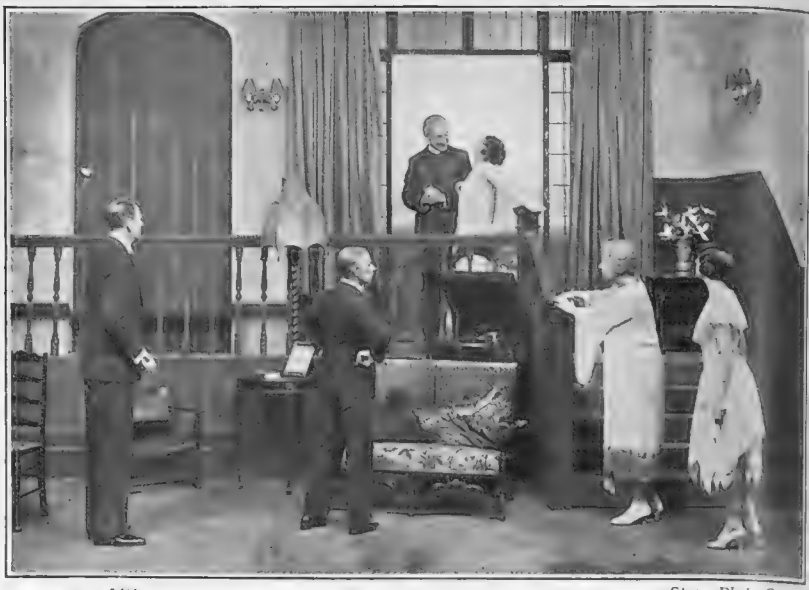
By "JINGLE"

Illustrations by MACMICHAEL

THIS is a very charming "Comedy with Music," featuring, as the picture-mongers have it, Miss Iris Hoey as a kind of delightful feminine whirlwind. Young Mr. Geoffrey Considine, for instance, has, like most other people, written a play, and Sylvia (Miss Hoey) has agreed to spend a week-end at his father's vicarage so that she may have the thing read to her by the young and optimistic author. Sylvia is a distinguished actress, and Geoffrey therefore not unnaturally regards her as his patron saint, though the lady's saintliness can hardly be said to be too obvious. It happens that Geoffrey is affianced to a very nice girl named Sheila, and everybody knows what very nice girls, with only their sweetness to distinguish them, think of popular actresses who are reputed to be steeped in guile. So that when Geoffrey mentions casually to Sheila that "Sylvia" is coming from London to talk over his play with him, the young girl has a not unnatural longing to scratch Sylvia's face.

HEROICALLY suppressing this amiable craving, however, Sheila merely bursts into song announcing that she is jealous, and although Geoffrey protests that she is very foolish, she harps on her jealousy a good deal, doubtless having heard that young men have a sad way of taking the shadow for the substance on occasion. But Sheila is a girl of action as well. Among the guests at the vicarage is Uncle Henry—Sir Henry Considine, K.C.M.G., to be precise—the retired Governor of a remote British Colony, and Sheila at once begs that, since he is a bachelor, he will be so good as to marry this Sylvia person and so get her out of the path of true love. Uncle Henry naturally ridicules the idea, but that is before he is in a position to appreciate the magnitude of the forces working against him.

THEN Sylvia arrives, and greets everybody with a kind of royal patronage. Where she is the least in doubt as to whether or not she has included this or that visitor in her greeting she greets all over again. She is most enthusiastic about the vicarage garden, as if having for so long seen trees and flowers in the garishness of theatrical scenery, she is surprised to find that there really are such things after all.



Stage Photo Co.

THE VAMP AT WORK

The dashing Sylvia (Iris Hoey) trys her charms upon the Rev. Canon Peter Considine, M.A. (Ben Webster). Witnesses to this touching scene are Geoffrey (James Raglan), Mr. Hobbs (Ivor Barnard), Mrs. Considine (May Whitty) and Sheila (Meg le Monnier)

She is nicely effusive at her meeting with Geoffrey, but when she meets Uncle Henry she wants to hear the story of his Colonial life, or as much of it as will bear repetition, because you never know you know. Having cast her alluring spell over Geoffrey and Uncle Henry, Sylvia fascinates all the other male guests in turn, till the young men in a group gather round to hear her sing the "Siren's Song," which is one of Miss Hoey's best efforts in the piece.

THE vicarage garden is by the sea, and Sylvia cannot refrain from exclaiming how lovely it would be to drift out there in a boat with a male escort in the moonlight, reading the message of the stars, or something of that sort. And we all know that kind of lady. Geoffrey at once accepts the challenge in his own business interests. After all, she would just have to listen to his play in such an isolated audience. But the artless Sheila moves again. It is she who arranges that Uncle Henry shall be the lady's escort, and who sees them put out to sea in an open boat. In the morning there comes the alarming news that neither Sylvia nor Uncle Henry has passed the night at the vicarage, and the Rev. Canon Considine, their host, is bound to conclude that the two must have been swamped and drowned. But it happens that Sylvia's manager, Mr. Hobbs (a most diverting performance by Mr. Ivor Barnard), is also among the guests, and he is confident that whoever may have been drowned, it is not likely to have been Sylvia, and as to her being out all night, that is nothing unusual.

THE good Vicar (a pleasant interpretation by Mr. Ben Webster) cannot, of course, suppose that a brother of his would wander from the narrow path, but certainly

ppearances are rather against Uncle Henry r the moment. Presently, however, the bsentees turn up, much to the relief of the mpany, but clearly the worse for wear. Having been drenched to the skin, they have been supplied with an emergency wardrobe borrowed from a fisherman's kit, hich, in Miss Hoey's case, especially, is ughably incongruous. Sylvia's story is at Uncle Henry was just telling her all out the strange marriage customs of his ny, when, in the excitement of listening his fascinating story, she lost the oars, l there they were drifting out to sea till a ing smack picked them up, and nursed lvia with a mother's care, while Uncle enry was left lying on a heap of odorous h to indulge in the usual proceedings of indifferent sailor in a choppy sea.

THE scene of the reading of the play is richly comic. Just as Geoffrey gets as far as the title and the author's name, Sylvia recognises another friend in the company, and jumps up to offer her usual effusive greeting. Then Mr. Hobbs, the manager, having heard a brief *résumé* of the plot, which is concerned with the story of Joan of Arc, protests at once that that sort of thing will not bring money to the box office. He makes a number of quite unkind references to modern managers who find it pays best to give the public what the public thinks it wants; and in that spirit Mr. Hobbs claims that, in Geoffrey's play, Joan of Arc ought not to end up at the stake, but ought to be rescued at the last moment by the handsome hero of the romantic story. As it happens, Geoffrey's play is finally shelved in favour of the story of a wild youth brought up among baboons, like Tarzan, who thinks he is a baboon himself till he encounters the shipwrecked heroine and then becomes civilised, or thereabouts. That, it is alleged, is the sort of thing for the box office in these days.

APART from Miss Iris Hoey's easy and pleasing domination of the comedy throughout, the feature of the evening is the singing of Miss Margaret Yarde, disguised for the time being as a loyal (and ample) Girl Guide. Miss Yarde's first song, "One Good Deed a Day!" is immense in every sense of the word, and it is given with the martial pomp and power properly associated with the exalted order of Girl Guides. Mr. Ernest Thesiger gives a nice dignity to Uncle Henry even in his most farcical moments, and Mr. James Raglan, as Geoffrey, sails agreeably through a rather trying part. On the occasion of my visit the part of Sheila (usually played by Miss Meg Le Monnier) was most charmingly taken by Miss Vera Robson with the completest success. Miss Robson gave the principal songs, "I'm Jealous" and "I'm So Misunderstood," with nice and appropriate feeling, while her rendering of the new dance, "Swing on the Gait," was lively enough to lead us to conclude that it was quite according to Transatlantic specification. *Sylvia* is a most delightful entertainment from first to last.

JINGLE.

Stage Photo Co.

HAIL, SYLVIA!

Sylvia (Iris Hoey) makes a dramatic entrance, revealing the truth of the saying that "the real actress is always acting." With her is seen some of the company featuring "polite interest"

BON MOT-IFS

By HARTLEY CARRICK

It is strange that Mr. Bernard Shaw has not made more copy out of his snowed-up adventure. Perhaps he may yet write something about Captain Stormbound's Excursion.

. . . . .

Now, when it snows, and sleets, and hails,
And pelting rain ne'er stops,
Our girls, who scent the Winter Sales,
Take refuge—in the shops!

. . . .

An awkward accident occurred last week at Wimbledon. A lady happened to slip on an electric hair-slide.

. . . .

"Beware of the greyhound," writes a sporting scribe, "he is an unreliable animal." More classically, he might have said, "Cave canem."

. . . .

At this time of the year, how many of our readers as they open the post at breakfast, recall Mr. P. G. Wodehouse's play, and remark, "Good-morning, 'bill'"?

. . . .

A lady in Edinburgh, Miss Mary ——, is reported to buy a new dress every week. She should be known as Mary, Queen of Skirts.

. . . .

From a *feuilleton*:—"So on that perfect June day, Amy was happily weeded." Amy must have been very much of a grass widow!

. . . .

To-day's reflection:—It is not always those people with voices like steam sirens who make the most noise in the world.

First South Sea Islander: "What did you think of our last missionary?"

Second ditto: "Oh, I found him an extremely clubbable fellow!"

. . . . .

"He's always been drunk, your worship," stated a policeman last week in the course of his evidence. Evidently the prisoner must have been born blind.

. . . . .

"Has your maid got one good trait in her character?"

"I don't know; but she's broken my one good tray in her kitchen."

. . . . .

It is pleasant to learn that no friction has occurred between the South African and English cricket teams. But the "acid" Test is yet to come.

. . . . .

"Doctor, what is the matter with my wife's tongue? Is it dangerous?"

"Well, I'm afraid she can't hold her own."

Heard on the 'bus:—"You know, dear, it's a funny thing, but whenever father comes home and catches Alf calling on me, my love flies out of the window!"

. . . .

Rugger Rhymes

Blackheath:—

Of the game as it is,
They were missionaries,
And will loom large on History's page;
And it's always a cert,
When they cannot "convert,"
That the "Heathen" do fur'ously rage!

London Scottish:—

They are very hot lots
Are the braw London Scots,
In their stockings of elegant red;
Their passing is neat,
And they play with their feet—
(Less often, I fear, with their head!)

Cardiff:—

When I still was a babe,
I enjoyed watching Gabe,
And Morgan, Gwyn Nicholls, Llewellyn.
May the day come apace
To make Cardiff a place
Fit for further such heroes to dwell in!

By Luys

A "RING"-ING LAUGH

Suitor: "I want to ask old Boodle for his daughter's hand. How ought I to set about it?"

Friend: "I should spring a few other jokes on him first, and see how he takes them."

Harlequins:—

Oh, they make matters hum,
When they're wheeling a scrum,
And Gibbs on the wing's an O.K. cuss;
And we none of us doze,
Till the game's reached its close,
For we all look to "Wakers" to wake us!

. . . .

An actress says that she was wedded to her art when she was seventeen. Does that answer the question, "What is the best-stage for a girl to marry?"

. . . .

"If Doris doesn't 'get off' with Jack this year, she never will."

"Quite so; *his* will be her last lap."

. . . .

Britain has conquered the Hërr;
Greyhounds have outrun the hare;
Aviators have overcome the air;
Ladies have mastered the hair;
BUT
The street-cornet player is all at sea with his *air.*

. . . .

A slogan for gravediggers:—Underground to Everywhere.

A Live Wire!

BY STARR WOOD

"When I first arrived in London as a youngster I had only a sixpence in my pocket, but with that small amount I made my start"

"How did you invest the sixpence?"

"I wired home for more!"

In the Limelight

Dorothy Wilding

MISS FRANCES DOBLE

Who plays the lead in "The Black Spider," the new crook play at the Lyric Theatre. The "Black Spider's" duel with the amateur detective, Reginald Cosway (Arthur Aubrey), provides a Grade I thrill for the audience

"There are sofa seats at 'Arthur's'"

NIGHT LIGHTS

By
E. P. LEIGH-BENNETT

Illustrations by
HOWARD K. ELCOCK

No. VII—TWO BLACK CROWS

HE bumped into me, head down, as he came round the corner of Savile Row. It appeared he had just been at some pains to point out to his tailor that it was the world's worst suit, and was in no mood to be trifled with.

"Let's go in here: I *must* have one: a foul club, this, but the drink is good."

And he leads a jaundiced way into the hall of it, hanging up a coat with the air of one who has come to a *cul de sac* in life.

No: he never goes out anywhere nowadays. These night clubs and places—he can't keep awake in them; most overrated pastime he thinks: mug's game. What does he do? Oh, quiet dinner at the club, don't you know: quiet rubber of bridge: small game of poker: simple life in other words: only thing: take it from him. . . .

"You have quite cheered me up: felt like death when I saw you: that infernal tailor: owe him too much to leave him: damim. Have the other half? Well, come and dine to-night—do *something* for heaven's sake. . . ."

You meet him again round about eight in his club, where he is alleged to dine every night, and you stand like a couple of black crows perched on the rail of his American bar, fingering the second sherry glasses and glancing covertly at each other's dress clothes. You might, indeed, be the two famous "black crows," Moran and Mack, themselves, judging by the outlook on life, which is still couched in terms of "Who *cares* 'bout that? Well what *of* it?, What *about* it"? . .

"We can't possibly dine here: worst food in London: grass growing up through the dining-room carpet. They'll be introducing an orchestra soon, with a 'cello, which will play a solo—*you* know, Handel's "Largo." N-o-o: I'll tell you where we'll go, 'just you and I together, love'—fair to middlin' sherry, this, what? Not a bottle sold 'til its seventy years old."

There is a place wherein black crows congregate, head to head, on the same perch; an eyrie in Leicester Square; a two-seater place. It is little known, which is an excellent thing, because it is very small and very cosy and distinctly *recherché*; and if the world pushes in here it will cease to be so. It is known officially as *Maison Dorée*, but intimately as "Arthur's." Because Artaz, the owner, came from Ciro's, where naturally an insular world dubbed him "Arthur." He was never a big noise at Ciro's, so more power to his elbow for striking out a line for himself elsewhere and leaving many of his colleagues standing still.

This *Maison* has achieved a small but distinct triumph in that, as to its food and setting, it more closely resembles one of those cherished little places of ours just off the *Grands Boulevards* than any restaurant I know in conservative London. If you are familiar with *Beaugé* in Paris, or *A La Pomme De Pin*, you have got a fair replica of both of them here.

There is no band—thank goodness. The room, its walls covered with Sem cartoons, is about the size of a couple of first floor Ritz bathrooms. When forty crows assemble here it is full to capacity. But it has a very prepossessing personality. So much so that when Royalty comes and dines here in ordinary clothes, as it does, the calm of the dining waters remains unruffled, and people continue to flip crumbs of chaff at each other from table to table as if he wasn't there; which is as it should be, and is not in any capital in the world save inherently aristocratic London. As an instance of the smiling personality of "Arthur's," a famous school Tie arose the other night in the middle of an elaborate dinner and removed himself and his very young lady to another table, because he objected (smilingly) to the aroma of somebody's cigar. The somebody, being worth, incidentally, a cool couple of million, nett, was the most amused of all of us.

There are sofa seats at "Arthur's" whereon you can get her into an impregnable position in the corner, so that she can see no eyes but yours. And when you are about a hundred feet down the well of confidences, Arthur may or may not loom tactfully athwart the table-end to remind you that his *Omelettes Maison* are best eaten hot. If he does not he should, for they are too good to lie forgotten on plates. The ladies here are offered miniature cigars, for which there is a great sale (what *would* my aunt in Cumberland say?); and everyone has his own brown jar of Dorset butter, into which he digs vehemently. There is also a visitors' book, in which—having a clear conscience—you will sign your name, and find it among other names that have stirred up a lethargic world lately. This visitors' book is the cleverest thing I have seen a

"The 'night out' atmosphere sits heavily upon you at the Lido"

small restaurant proprietor do yet. *So* nice to find your own signature going on the same page with that of the mighty—although our *worst* enemy couldn't call *us* a snob. . . .

My black crow, as he swirled the brandy round in the balloon glass with one hand and pinched a punt-pole cigar with the fingers of the other, said, "I'm feeling better. In fact, I'm not perfectly certain I'm not feeling extra*ord*inarily well. Where shall we go? *Home?* Don't be silly, my dear man. Home? Where's that? Sounds a long way off."

It was.

"I suggest," said I meekly, "if you are in that adamant frame of mind that we—er—move about sedately, taking our sheaves with us, and observing the gay world."

"Sheaves: yes: I must cash a cheque. I say, Arthur, ol' chap . . ."

There is a club which calls itself "The Lido." Its friendly proprietors impress upon you, by means of the written word, what "The Lido" really is. They say, "That golden stretch of Italian foreshore rightly regarded as the most exclusive in the world. Here forgather princes, legislators, folk whose wealth is beyond the dreams of avarice. Here rank and fortune rub shoulders for a brief, happy season. Here in truth is Arcady by the gleaming Venetian shores, and under skies that seem too wondrous for reality: The Lido!" . . . I imparted this to my pal who, immensely impressed, chartered a gondola forthwith, and we pushed off through the mysterious December night towards the foreshore of Oxford Street.

The site of the Lido Club premises is an historic one, inasmuch as here, in the early 'sixties and 'seventies, the black crows of those nights assembled to watch the heavyweights of their time banging each other in the face with the bare fist and *standing up to it.* Here also Gladstone and Disraeli were the star turns at their political meetings—the cabaret shows of their day. But all that has been forgotten of course. The ubiquitous Italian night caterer has monopolised this venue, and now you have a dance club, with the orthodox gallery and the cabaret stage, and all the appurtenances of raised tables round the parquet, etc., and the glamour and lilt of the jazz. And hundreds of people throng it, dancing as if their souls depended upon it; and the "night out" atmosphere sits heavily upon you. But my black crow suddenly spotted the back drop on the stage, which depicts a gondola, and exclaimed, "Surely I paid that bloke off? What's he waiting for?"

And we had to go out to see.

We didn't come back.

Eventually he said it was time we made a little money; a theory with which I am always in complete accord; and he gave another address to yet another taxi man. But henceforward I became merely an interested spectator, for I cannot bring myself to hazard my very few pounds in the sphinx-faced manner that he did.

A cynical looking man in the hall who swept a careful glance over us with eyes that never met ours: hats and coats strewn on all the chairs: a musty, early-Victorian atmosphere pervading the quiet, over-furnished house: a feeling that the windows were never opened. What was once a big drawing-room—now anything but that. The roulette table in full play. Twenty-seven victims absorbed round it.

And two black crows conducting operations, one with the marble and both with the rake. Carrion crows, feeding on human frailty. No *bénéfice* in this game, but 34 instead of 35 times your stake *en plein*—mark well the difference—and no "prison" for the even numbers when zero wins. The victims, men and women, would seem by their wan faces to have come to the end of everything save this. And this won't last long.

Silence: broken by the chink of chips pulled by the avaricious rake, and the faint hoot of a night taxi through the heavily curtained windows: a monotonous voice chanting numbers: and people yawning, and hurriedly staking again—and again—and again. A woman moves to a side table, and an overworked syphon gurgles despairingly. An alert minion produces another; there is plenty of food and drink, gratis. The only things that are.

Presently I pat a farewell on the back of my old crow. He scarcely notices, being immersed in rows of pencilled figures, one of which is going to make him £34 for £1 in a few minutes—perhaps. . . . A vigilant taxi creeps to the kerb. A thumb is jerked towards the sombre front door, and a hoarse voice asks ingratiatingly,

"Ow did it go, sir, orlright?"

"Perfectly. I wasn't playing."

A figure studies me suspiciously in the gloom: watery eyes seem to say, "Not *playin'*? Then why was you in there, along of all them lot?"

I'm dashed if I knew. E. P. L.-B.

With the Camera in Theatreland

Dorothy Wilding

MISS LYDIA SHERWOOD

Whose clever acting is fast advancing her on the road to theatrical fame and six-foot letters in "electrics." She is playing in the dramatised version of Arnold Bennett's "Mr. Prohack" at the Court Theatre

A SPIRITED

A thrilling moment in the Rugby match arranged by the Psychologica

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

ENCOUNTER

iety between the Old Psykickians and a team of disembodied spirits

A British Film in the Making

G.P.U.

THE GRANDEUR THAT WAS—RICHMOND

A scene in the Herbert Wilcox British picture, "The Triumph of the Scarlet Pimpernel," showing Lady Blakeney's house at Richmond. Matheson Lang and Madeliene Carroll as Sir Percy and Lady Blakeney are seen "down centre"

Photopress

ANCIENT AND MODERN ON THE SET

Haddon Mason, Matheson Lang, and Donald McCardell in the costume of "aristos" of the late eighteenth century receiving instructions from Herbert Wilcox in the costume of a film producer of the early twentieth century. The film was "shot" at Cricklewood

Photopress

INSPECTING THE 'SEA-GREEN INCORRUPTIBLE"

Nelson Keys (left) as the wily Robespierre submits to the jesting tongue and quizzing-glass of the Scarlet Pimpernel (Matheson Lang) with not too good a grace. Sir Percy's escapades afford splendid opportunities for the films

"A good song it was, taking one straight back to the Champs Elysées

NEW VOYAGES AROUND MY ROOM

By ARTHUR MILLS

Illustration by W. E. WIGHTMAN

No. V—THE EXILE

It was one of those afternoons, golden and pearl-grey, when London looks most beautiful. In the Park the chrysanthemums were in full flower; the autumn leaves showed their colouring to perfection against the neutral-tinted sky. Dusk fell quickly, reminding all how near it was to winter. By five, curtains were drawn, lamps alight, and London became an indoor world.

It may have been that late day of golden sunshine before winter's gloom which reminded me of Paris—the Paris through which Elaine flitted for her butterfly's day—for in October Paris begins once more to be very charming. Or it may have been a *rebenque*, as they call a raw hide whip in South America, and a pair of huge (iron) spurs, once the property of a South American horse "tamer." Anyway, something took my thoughts back to Elaine and South America, and I resolved to tell this story.

For one thing, it should be told. But, because I have a great respect in many ways for the country in which the affair happened, I will not give actual names.

I will call the country "Eldorado"—one of the most prosperous of the South American republics where I was in January of 192—. I had landed the day before, plentifully supplied with introductions, among others a letter to Don José, Minister of the Interior. I had presented none of these letters, wishing to see something of Bella Vista, Eldorado's world-famous capital, on my own.

The first evening, after dining in as luxurious an hotel as any that could be found in Europe, I went out to see what I could of the city's night life. Chance took me to a cabaret called "The Moonbeam." It was a typical South American cabaret, garishly lit, execrably decorated, and crowded with all manner of men—Greeks, Jews, Argentines, Brazilians, cocktail-laden Britishers and Americans, Spanish, French, German, and Italian women.

Through the smoke haze, dancers, and scurrying waiters, I presently became aware of Elaine. You could not mistake her. She was Parisienne to her finger-tips. Her clothes, the way she did her hair, her fluttering fingers, and, above all, her trick of emphasising her opinions with a twist of her mobile lips, also the fact that her companion, another French girl, was laughing continuously—for Elaine had the wit and vivacity that is essentially of Paris.

I had not long to wonder what she was doing in that cabaret. Presently her turn came to sing a song. A good song it was, taking one straight back to the Champs Elysées on an April morning, when really nothing seems to matter.

The song finished, I asked Elaine how she liked South America. She said she would gladly leave by the first ship. It was a horrid country. In Paris it

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was amusing to watch niggers dance the jazz; but these dirty types here! they were savages—not nice at all—it bored her excessively to have to dance and talk with them. But what would you? She had a good contract at the cabaret and a mother in Provence who was very poor. She must stay until her contract was finished. Then—ah, then! she would go back to Paris and never, never return to South America.

It was in her contract that she must dance with anyone that asked her; further, that she must remain in the cabaret from the time it opened till the time it closed. After four in the morning she was free till ten o'clock the following night. Usually she slept the greater part of the day, but sometimes she would bathe or go for motoring excursions. She never went out, however, with a South American; she had heard too much of their ways. The South Americans that wanted to see her had to be content with coming to the cabaret. There were many that did, for her colouring was fair as sunlight, and in those parts a white skin was exceedingly admired. They went mad about her fairness, Elaine told me.

While we were talking a young South American came and sat at the table opposite. He was typical of his race: sleek, clean-shaven, with carefully oiled hair; his dinner jacket had been made in Bond Street; his jewelled links and studs came from the Rue de la Paix. He had two friends with him, like himself well dressed. All three were what were known in those parts as "distinguidos," young men of fashion, the sons of wealthy families.

The young man kept looking across at Elaine; he was obviously anxious to dance with her.

"He has come here every night for a week," Elaine told me. "Last night he asked me to have supper with him. I refused—quite nicely, explaining that by my contract I could not leave the cabaret. He sent for the manager. I do not know what he said, but presently the manager came to me and said that if I wished to leave the cabaret for supper at a restaurant I should be free.

"To-day I have been told that the young man is the son of the Minister of the Interior, and so, of course, the manager would not refuse anything he wished. For, though they have republics in South America, the big families have more power than ever they had in Russia when the Czar was on the throne. The sons of the great families do as they please; if a policeman in the street tried to stop their cars because they were going too fast they would just drive over him."

I imagined this was all very true as I looked at the young man opposite. Beneath his veneer of European polish he evidently inherited all the traits of his full-blooded Indian great-grandmother.

"To-night, as soon as you have left, he will ask me again to go out to supper with him."

"That can easily be prevented."

Elaine shook her head. "No, it is better that I go and we—how you say? —have things out."

We argued a little, but Elaine had made up her mind. There was a reassuring gleam in her eyes when I suggested some harm might come to her if she went out alone with the young South American. It seemed probable that she would be more than able to take care of herself.

I had much to do next day, and it was not until the evening that I gave another thought to Elaine.

I had gone into the Racing Club of Bella Vista, for which I had courteously been given a card. The Racing Club, the resort of the wealthy families in Eldorado, with its marble swimming-bath, superb pictures, cuisine, and cellar, has no equal in Europe. There is a private barber's shop on the premises, which is a favourite resort of the young distinguidos, who spend hours having their hair oiled and brushed, their nails manicured, and their faces massaged.

I was having my hair cut in this place when two young distinguidos came and sat down in the next chairs.

"Have you heard what happened to Carlos last night?" one asked the other.

"Some trouble with a dancing girl, they said at lunch."

"Ho! it was trouble, I can tell you. She was a little French thing that he had liked the look of, and he took her out to supper. After supper, when they were driving back, he tried to kiss her. She would not let him, crying out that he should stop the car. He told the driver to go faster, and put his arm round her again.

"'I want to get out!' she cried, tugging at the door.

"He tried to kiss her again, and she turned and smacked his face, calling him a lot of names in French and again shouting that she wanted to get out."

The South American stopped and laughed. "Carlos got angry. He opened the door of the car and said: 'Well, if you don't want to be kissed, get out!'

"With that he gave her a push and she fell into the road. He did not stop the car, but they found her this morning in the roadway; her neck was broken; no wonder, for the car was travelling fast at the time. Carlos has gone to stay with his father for a day or two."

While this story was being told, the barber continued placidly cutting my hair. He finished his work and held a glass behind my head.

There are times when one can't speak, and this was one of them, so I just nodded and got up. So Carlos had gone to the country! Poor little Elaine! It seemed pretty cruel to think of that little bundle of laughing Parisian gaiety lying in the roadway with a broken neck.

The barber was bowing and smirking:

"It is a fine club, the Racing Club of Bella Vista," he said.

I nodded once more.

"We have beautiful houses, beautiful roads, and beautiful motor cars in Eldorado," he continued, like every citizen of a young country longing to hear his birthplace praised.

As I still said nothing, he added, a trifle defiantly: "And you know in Europe there are people that have never been to South America who think we are all savages!" A. M.

THE PILOT

TIME was when the sportsman, with chivalrous care,
Would find a safe line for his follower fair,
And clearing the double stiff-planted and strong
Would turn in his saddle to cheer her along.

But now we've for pilot a damsel astride
On a stud-book and blood one, determined to ride,
With an eye for a country and vowed to the van;
And the slow ones may keep her in sight if they can.

As she lashes along in the wake of the pack
Not a man need expect her to pause or look back,
And the laggards who ride on her resolute trail
Need not wait for her cheer over bullfinch or rail.

To those who may follow not hers to give heed
So long as no rival shall challenge her lead!
If she levels a gap, if she smashes a bar,
They may take it or leave it, whoever they are.

As she rips at her fences our ears she may shock
With the "*D——n you, come up!*" of the steeplechase jock.
Should we choose her picked panel, avoiding a worse,
We may find ourselves warned with a suitable curse.

Yet later, at tea, she's all glamour and charm,
Low-voiced, with a laughter and smile that disarm;
And, witched by her grace, we forget what we heard,
While we only remember *she went like a bird.* W. H. O.

A Club Revoke

BY THORPE

THE ANNOUNCER: "And when we came over the hill, there was old Fitz lying stone dead on the green"
THE AUDIENCE: "How ghastly! Heart, I suppose"

The Joys of Snow and

A NOVEL RACE *L.N.A.*

The musicians of the Gorgian Band photographed in a ski-ing race in somewhat difficult circumstances. This exciting incident took place at Maloja

P. an. A.

AT ST. MORITZ

Lady Bourne and Miss Pamela Bourne photographed on a fine morning at St. Moritz. Miss Bourne is at Oxford

A TUSSLE AT THE GOALMOUTH *Central News*

An ice hockey match in progress at the Ice Stadium at St. Moritz, where the Winter Sports Olympic Games will be held. The match seen here is between the London Canadians and St. Moritz, the latter winning by 4 goals to 2

Keystone

ON THE RINK

Miss Diana Cavendish, daughter of Lord Richard Cavendish, waltzing with Miss Freusen, the professional skater. The photograph was taken on the Suvretta House ice rink at St. Moritz

Keystone

A LITERARY DUO

Mr. Michael Arlen and Mr. Noel Coward photographed far from the London Town which has brought them fame. They are seen here in holiday mood at St. Moritz

Ice at Sunlit St. Moritz

"UP WE GO" *Central News*

Mr. Howard Nicholson, Miss Hilda Ruckhart, and M. Paul Kreckow, the celebrated professional skaters, photographed in an unconventional pose on the Grand Hotel ice rink at St. Moritz. They are seen emulating the feats that Cossack riders perform on horseback

HOMEWARD BOUND *Keystone*

Miss Audrey Dobson photographed returning from a ski-ing expedition at St. Moritz. St. Moritz is one of the places that has been fortunate as regards snow this season

Keystone

THE START OF A RUN

Miss Joan Buckmaster, the daughter of Gladys Cooper, the famous actress, photographed out for some ski-ing at St. Moritz

P. and A.

ROYALTY IN SWITZERLAND

The Belgian Royal Family photographed on the slopes at St. Moritz. The King and Queen of the Belgians are seen here with their daughter, H.R.H. Princess Marie José

Football Carries On in Winter's Grip

SNOW AND FROST AT STAMFORD BRIDGE *Sport and General*

An incident during a Chelsea attack on the Reading goal in the recent Second Division match at Stamford Bridge. Played under very bad weather conditions, it resulted in a goalless draw

THE "THREES" GET GOING *Sport and General*

The Somerset and Gloucester threequarters get away during the recent match at Bristol against the Waratahs, who, after lodging a protest, very sportingly turned out on a frozen ground a week before their encounter with England. The visitors won by 13 points to 4

I.B.

Q.P.

STRENUOUS MOMENTS AT MILLWALL

The Northampton goalkeeper falls in attempting to save a shot from Phillips, the Millwall forward, during the match at New Cross. The visitors were beaten by three goals to nil. Inset: A tussle in midfield

GLOBE AND OTHER TROTTINGS

By YOGO HAMA

Illustrations by OKUN INGAMAI

MOST DEAR HON. BYSTANDERS,

A VERY frightful state of conditions has emanated re concerning my so epochal exposures of lastly week. I anticipated to expect some tremendous *rumbusti* (Anglo-Latin) because of my bitter and damish truths, but the scene in Hon. House of Lords and Parliaments following the appearance of my divulsions was 1 which, as Hon. *Times* says, "beggared descriptions."

Standing on a point of order, Hon. Sir Ramsay, in tones which trembled for emotion, requeshed to be inform whether Hon. Sir Baldwin's attentions had been drawn to some awfully grave allegings by a Mr. Y. Hama in Hon. BYSTANDER.

"If," declamed Hon. Sir Ramsay, "these saidly allegings are true—and Mr. Y. Hama are 1 of the most best informed *literati* of the day—I say, if saidly allegings are O.K, then they reveal a condition of matters a 1,000 times more worse as an Augean stables. I demand to enquire whether Hon. Sir Baldwin and his political *confraterni* are wallowing in bribes and corruptions so that Hon. French Government may poke a tunnel under the British Channel and explode our War Office. (A.1 sensations) I insist to enquire if this are so or *vice versa*! I insist to enquire if Hon. Sir Baldwin and other of his kidneys who live by grinding the faces of impoverish widows and orphants, have sold our marine birthright for private *quids pro quo*! If that are so, then I move to propose that saidly Baldwin be despatched to the Tower for immediate decapitations with not any option." (Enormous Labour cheerings.)

Hon. Sir Baldwin (who was inperturbablelessly smoking his pipe) responsed as follows:

"I are more as astonish that Hon. Sir Ramsay should waste our so valuable times by importantless questions which I shall not demean myself to answer. If our so gallant allies are poking a tunnel under Hon. Channel, it proves to only show they love us more better as ever. O surely we can learn to love 1 anothers and lie down peaceishly side by side like as the lion and the lamb. Let us dismiss this so footleish matter and consider whether it should be a wise and pious policy to allow adult persons to make purchase cigarettes, chocs and other wicked luxuries on or after 9 *p.m.* I are only a simple, honest person who strives to always pay 21/- in the £ and ——"

Hon. Sir Maxton (M.P. for Moscow). "This are A.1 bunkums! Hon. Labour Party demands to know if Hon. Baldwin and other members of an effete, toilless and fatted *oligarchy* are enjoying pottages and suchly messes as *per contra* for permitting Hon. Channel to be poked for a tunnel!"

Hon. Sir Jix. "Whether saidly allegings are *ipso facto* or *non est* (cheers) are entirely significantless. I move to strenuously amend that we provoke a Bill to make it non-legal for any person to be not in bed by 10 *p.m.* on pain of being mulct in 5£s for the 1-st offence and 1 month's penal labour for an *encore*. The time are arrive when Grt. Britain should be a more better place for maiden avunculars to live in."

Hon. Sir Maxton. "O kindly to go and eschew your hat!"

Hon. Sir Mosley. "I are only a workings-man and awfully impoverish, but permit I should inform Hon. Sir Baldwin that we who live by only the skins of our teeth, will not much longer allow our faces and other humble assets to be ground in the dust by conscienceless plutocrats. The British Channel belongs to the people—(cheers)—and it are a disgraceful scandal that scrupleless wealthies who have not ever experienced to find wolfs in their doors, should sell our watery birthrights for private perks and stick to same more tighter as glue!"

"I propose that saidly Baldwin be despatched to the Tower"

"Suggest we live on entirely nuts"

Hon. Sir "Jimmie" Lord T. "Here, here! Why are it these saidly assets and perks are engrabbed by only a few privileged *aristoes*, while impoverish proletarian persons cannot succeed to get even the smell of a bean? (Labour cheers). I move to amend that we share and share alike." (Stupendous Labour cheerings.)

Hon. Sir Speaker. "Who are this alleged Y. Hama?" (Ironical laughter.)

Hon. Sir Lees Smith. "Non-doubtlessly Hon. Speaker are achieving to

acquire a judicial reputations for wittishness. To not know this so brilliant *literati* are as good as confessing to be an ignoramus and educationless person."

Hon. Sir Lord George. "All this are entirely hot-airs. But I strenuously wish to draw the attentions of this House to the wicked, piousless and 100% artisticless depictions of a libels-mongering daubster name of Okun Ingamai. He has depicted myself and other great and enormously respected *politici* to look more like as nothing on earth. He are a frightfully bad influents and I are painfully astonish that a so serious paper as Hon. Bystander should belower itself to purvey the talentless, non-inspired, techniqueless, atmosphericless and infantile daubings—(studendously deafening cheers and hears-hears)—of this depraveish, moralless and utterablelessly scrupleless ——" (Hon. speaker's voice was entirely drowned by collossal cheerings.)

Hon. Sir Jix. "Whether or *vice versa* we agree with the imputings of Mr. Y. Hama, not any one can succeed to deny that he are the disputelessly most brilliant and scinttling *literati*—(hear, hear)—that has ever trodden feet on these shores. (Applause.) Nothing are more as too good for him. (Hear, hear.)

Mr. Yogo Hama to be Labour M.P.

But re concerning the mentionableless O. Ingamai, I vote to make a Bill that he be indungeoned in the Tower for extremely high treason—(frightful cheers)—and that Editor of Hon. Bystander be warned to purvey an illustrations person who will depict us with handsome faces and not 1's which provoke to suggest we live on entirely nuts—(cheers)—or fail at his private peril." (Carried unanimously and *nem. con.*)

Commenting on the abovely proceedings, Hon. *Daily Telegraph* leaders-writing person says:

"I are in a position to inform that Hon. Labour Party are going to purvey overtures to Mr. Y. Hama, the so brilliant political *literati* to become an M.P. for them. If Mr. Y. Hama accepts, it are pretty sure as egges that Hon. Sir Ramsay will have to make purchase some new laurels, as this so sparkling genius (Y. Hama) non-doubtlessly are not likely to blow a 2-nd fiddle."

Yogo Hama

BYSTANDER BRIDGE

POT AND KETTLE

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

My sense of humour may be distorted, but to hear a man blame his partner for his own fault quite appeals to me.

Sometimes this is done deliberately as a wall of protection, swift attack being the best defence. But generally it arises from a ludicrous misapprehension of the situation, as in the following case.

Y dealt at score love all, and bid "One Club"; B, "One Heart"; Z, "One Spade"; A and Y, "No bid"; B, "Two Hearts"; Z, "Two Spades." All passed.

Now B might justly be blamed for not bidding his Diamonds on the second round. A could legitimately have raised to "Four Diamonds"; and if Z had gone to "Four Spades," the contract could have been defeated. But the blame B got was for something else.

S.—Q, 8.
H.—7, 5, 4, 2.
D.—J.
C.—A, K, Q, 10, 6, 3.

S.—7, 6, 5, 2. H.—9. D.—A, 9, 7, 6, 4. C.—9, 8, 2.	Y A B Z	S.—A. H.—K, Q, J, 8, 6. D.—K, Q, 10, 8, 3 C.—5, 4.

S.—K, J, 10, 9, 4, 3.
H.—A, 10, 3.
D.—5, 2
C.—J, 7.

A opened his singleton Heart, and Z won the first trick with the Ace. If only he had Ace of Spades he could make a grand slam by extracting the trumps, and throwing his four red losers on Dummy's long Clubs. But he must let the opponents in with the Ace of Trumps, and so allow them tricks in red suits also.

He led a small trump at trick two, putting up Dummy's Queen. B won with the Ace, and made his King and Queen of Hearts on which A discarded Clubs.

What should B lead now? We, seeing all the cards, know that a Diamond lead will give A, B a fourth trick and save the game. But B could not see his partner's cards, and could only judge by his partner's play.

. . . . .

B reasoned thus: "A cannot have the Ace of Diamonds with some useless little trumps, or he would have ruffed that last Heart, and saved the game with the Ace of Diamonds. No; A must want another Heart lead; apparently he holds a biggish trump which will make if Hearts are led again through Z, but which will fall if the trumps are stamped out by Z—such a trump as the ten once guarded or the nine twice guarded."

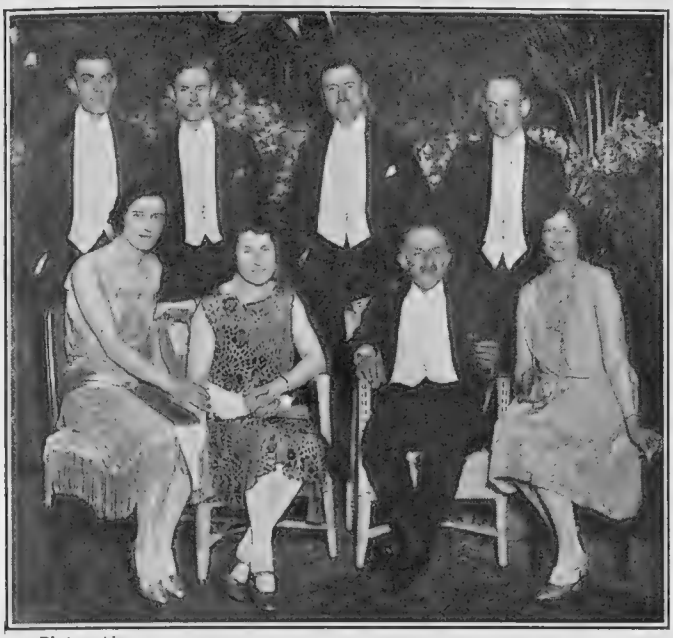
This seems to me a very sound deduction from A's play, and B led the eight of Hearts. Z ruffed with the nine of Spades, cleared the trumps, and discarded his two Diamonds on Dummy's Clubs, thus winning the game.

And then A blamed B for leading the fourth Heart instead of a Diamond, though he had invited B to continue Hearts! A could see the situation, and should have taken the obvious means of saving the game.

Now you may say why should A ruff B's winning Heart when he might very well expect B to lead a Diamond? The answer is that with that long suit of Clubs on the table it was essential that A should take no risks. He had the saving of the game in his own hand provided he ruffed the Heart and led out his Ace of Diamonds.

The moral is, save the game at the first opportunity of doing so, and don't blame your partner when you yourself are the one at fault.

Hunting Folk Go Dancing



Photographs

A group comprising Capt. H. P. H. and Mrs. White, Mr. and Mrs. Monckton, Major and Mrs. Whitty, Captain Sharpin, and Mr. Saville

News Illus.

Standing: Mr. Evans Lombie (left), Mr. De Crespigny, Mr. Harap, and Mr. Faunce Brown. Seated: Miss Mary Brown (left), Miss Alice Brown, Miss Fielding, and Miss Violet Brown

Some of those who attended the Mid-Kent Stag Hunt Ball. It took place recently at the Maidstone Corn Exchange

British Illus.

SITTING OUT WITH THE PHOTOGRAPHER

Dancers at the Llangibby Hunt Ball at Newport, Mon. The group includes Dr. R. Reece Jones, Colonel Ford, Dr. Fleming, Mr. A. C. Golding, Mr. S. West, Mr. F. Evans, Mr. H. Davies, Mrs. Pettifor, and the Misses Thompson, Evans, Ford, and Bland

News Illus.

Standing: Mr. M. C. Denny (left), Mr. C. Houghton-Brown, and Major Brian-Allab. Seated: Miss Power (left), Miss Denny and Mrs. Brian-Allab

News Illus.

A group including Mr. D. Bury, Mr. Lovell-Hewitt, Mr. Steven Kaye, and Dr. C. Kindersley, Miss Oldham, Mrs. Lawrence Roberts, Mrs. Kindersley, and Miss Curwin

The Wylye Valley Hunt Ball, held at the Town Hall, Warminster, proved a very cheery affair. Above are seen some of the many hunting people who put in an appearance

IT'S HARD WORK, LIVING—

By Blanchette *Illustrations by HELEN McKIE*

"We're about 150 million pounds on the wrong side"

LONDON, *January* 9.

DEAR COUSIN,

WHAT terribly hard work it must be sometimes living, mustn't it?—in the more or less modish manner of the moment, I mean. The sort of thing that's seemingly absolutely and entirely essential and not-to-be-missed if you want to be even on the very fringe of the so-called *intelligentsia,* that is. Because no use whatsoever it isn't these days, one gathers, and you might just as well or better be dead, just being ordinarily frivolous and bright or even brilliant, if you don't know the proper way.

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NOT quite altogether completely sure what the exact *recipe* is, but it certainly includes having an *aura* and an -ysis or -osis of some sort, whether its psycho or pseudo or what. And doing some kind of beauty or otherwise treatment or cult, and cherishing a pash for a poet or something (the minorer the better). And *schwärming* about the very latest thing in Hun authors, or musicians, or film stars (generally called Emil), though a Czecho-Slovak'll do, or even a Yugo-Slav if sufficiently squat, spectacled and spiritually sublime. Also, cocktails come into it quite a lot, and going to first nights and talking all at once and mentioning all the long names you know, or don't, of people who have ever written things or meant to write 'em. And being oh-so-fearfully-advanced about sex and all that sort of thing. And never using any horrid, dull, drab, ordinary middle-class moods or words in that wonderful world where everyone's "darling" and everything "divine."

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DOESN'T it sound all quite too glitteringly marvellous? But oh, *mon Dieu,* also as aforesaid, mustn't it be somewhat of a terrific labour likewise? Which is really partly why I mention it, you know, because there seems to be quite a wrongish kind of idea abroad that it's positively an easy, idle and well-nigh luxurious life being one of the Inner Ring, so to speak. As a matter of fact, work simply like H., the people who run things at the moment do—cos they *are* the ones just now, and don't you forget it. Once it was Titles, and then it was Gold, but now it's Intellect that does it, and no error, and the merely well-born and wealthy've simply got to assume a perversion if they have it not—as one of the sparklingest of the Divine Darlings so brightly put it the other day. Which is, believe me and Mr. Sitwell, quite a bit of an effort for some of the American dowagers, millionairesses and things especially, who've come over here seeking new worlds to conquer and find themselves in the intellectual soup, as you might say.

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BUT bravely and nobly they bear up, as you'll see if you read the Messrs. Sitwells' oh-so-funny book called "All at Sea," that has a play in it which was acted one Sunday night in the near past, and I meant to've seen it, only had to go to one of Lord Lathom's instead—the *intelligentsia* were fairly falling over each other that evening, I give you my word. Wherein (in the Sitwell one, I mean) there's a perfectly lovely *Américaine* of riper years, name of Shubert (which sounds familiar somehow), who says she's doing a course of mental re-education.

All I do is to stand nude against a wall, whilst my maid throws alternate pails of boiling-hot and ice-cold water at me for periods of an hour and a half at a time. Then I give up bread, sugar and potatoes. First thing in the morning and last thing at night I concentrate . . .

"Farthingales would have been inconvenient"

Also, there's a terribly sad tale told in same of another devoted votary of an Institute for Psychic Dancing who was only allowed half an egg beaten up in Marsala every other day, a bull's-eye peppermint every Thursday, and three *piqûres* of oxygen a week; but one sad day a raw mutton chop fell out of her tunic, so she was expelled, and now she has nothing to live for but her golf handicap.

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TOO tragically awful as related by our Mr. Osbert and our Mr. Sacheverell, is not it? And sympathetically, for one can't help feeling that, in sooth, while smiling on the surface, they do sympathise. Especially after reading Mr. Osbert's introduction or preface, which, after the G.B.S. manner (rather a long way after, methinks), is somewhat longer than the play thereto attached. Wherein, of course, he is chiefly concerned with said Mr. O. (also Mr. S. and Miss E.), but also has some rather cleverish, childish, perfectly good and thoroughly rude remarks to make about the stage and all that therein are, including especially Mr. Archie de Bear and Mr. Bobbie Hale, who once said, "Who are these Sitwells?" You remember? . . . Anyway, our Mr. Osbert hasn't forgotten.

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A QUITE fairly amusing life, even if you belong to the *unintelligentsia,* what? As mefears I do anyway most days—the strain of the other thing's really *too* great unless you get quite a dollop of time off every now and then. And go and do merely unintelligently pleasant things like just dining and dancing and supping at the popular pubs and clubs, and gathering up with greed and joy the lovely dolls and things the managers and people always give one now at gala times apparently—and all the nights seem to be special ones somehow when I go. Or even actually venturesomely visit those sales that still are raging more or less furiously, though first fine careless rapture thereof is certainly moderated by now, and none the worse for that, as they say.

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THOUGH how any of us have got money enough to dash into sales or anything else for that matter fair beats me, I must say, considering

how things stand and all that sort of thing. After reading, in fact and in short, and not to put too fine a point on it, how this poor little England of ours, that after all we all belong to, is apparently in a quite hopeless way, or ought to be. Anyway, seems according to latest figures of national finance, or whatever they call it, we're on the whole, and not being too slavishly particular about the mere odd hundreds of thousands or so, just about a hundred and fifty million (pounds, not dollars) on the wrong side. And not being an expert in finance, though I did once make nearly a whole fiver on a horse that won a race, dear thing, when least expected to, what I want to know is, are we ruined or are we not?

"The path from night club to night club"

ODDISH thing, isn't it, this finance business. I mean, if you or I, *par exemple*, were a mere ten or twenty thousand pounds short even we'd be more or less in the cart and for it, so to say; but apparently nations don't care any more than sailors do, and go on perfectly calmly and comfortably just the same. It's a mystery to me—especially as they haven't got wives to settle the oddments on like all the best bankrupts seem to do. But Life's like that, and, after all, mysteries are very fascinating, aren't they—which is partly the reason, I suppose, why those home treasure hunts are so much the vogue just now. You know, those country house affairs they have on wet or frosty days when it's too hard for hunting or too soft for golf, and they leave clues in the old oak settle in the hall or behind the Charles II ancestor in the picture gallery, and you hunt and hunt all the morning and get lost now and then (if suitably accompanied) till finally you find (or don't) the fiver or near-pearl necklace or couple of stalls at the Adelphi, or whatever the prize may be.

THESE are rather revival days, aren't they? I mean, we've revived snow quite lately, also ice, and they had programmes at a dance the other day, so why not a little more of it? As in clothes, for instance, like at the Tudor hotel at Egham or somewhere, where the maids or porters wear Elizabethan dress—though certainly hoops and farthingales might *rather* crowd up the Tubes, and sedan chairs be a bit slow for the nocturnal spangled path from night club to night club. But there are still one or two affairs where you can see the (more or less) authentic ancient costumes in all their glory, for fancy dress dances, balls, routs and so forth are well to the fore these days. Which reminds me of a recent cheery affair at the First Avenue Hotel. For the staff thereof it was, and to see everyone right up to Manager Jenny (complete in wondrous false whiskers) letting 'emselves go with a real bang which would have shook Mayfair more than a little was all as it should be. After all, it's a relief to escape for aforementioned -yses and -oses and be ordinarily and happily noisy for once. What?

With love,

Yours ever,

BLANCHETTE.

Photopress

A TEA PARTY IN THE SENIOR SERVICE

A photograph taken on H.M.S. Nelson of those who attended the tea party given by Admiral Sir Osmond Brock and Vice-Admiral Sir Hubert Brand. They invited all those officers and men who had served in the old second-class cruiser Raleigh between 1885 and 1888, during which time the hosts were senior and junior midshipmen respectively

PARISIANA

By "René"

Illustrations by MARCEL PONCIN

"French women liked to be wooed"

MES AMIS,

LIKE the citizens of all capitals, Parisians believe themselves to be *très malins*. They are confident that they are much less likely to be "sold a pup" than the slow-moving peasant, just as Londoners believe they are always one mental move ahead of the heavy provincial. As a fact, the Parisian is as likely to be beaten in a bargain by the velvet-capped man from Normandy or the Auvergne as the Londoner is to be out-manœuvred by the broad-spoken man from Barnsley or Brighouse. Still, the Parisian would refuse to admit it, because he does not believe it.

AND, thanks to this, all Paris has been purchasing a *roman* by Mme. Raymonde Machard entitled "La Possession." "La Possession" sold to the extent of a hundred thousand copies in a month, which, I should imagine, must be a record for France, where sales do not bound as they do in England or America. But you do not hear people talking about the book as you would anticipate if it came up to the expectations indicated by the immense sales. Which is obviously an anomaly and worth an explanation.

MOST Parisians bought the novel because of a slip of paper placed round each copy which bore the tempting phrase: "Men, if you but knew the secret, there is not a woman who would be able to resist your charm. This book will make you the perfect lover." Now, the Parisian would like to be the perfect lover. It is obviously a matter of premier interest when you think of the *chic* of the Parisienne. And as each Parisian believes himself to be *almost* a Don Juan, the desire to acquire the little finishing touch was irresistible.

AND for those who might still waver a little there was a further inducement. All the newspapers printed an advertisement of "La Possession," which showed a sketch of a woman, presumably the author, with a pair of the most mystically intriguing eyes that have ever operated a devastating regard upon a susceptible reader. *C'était fait.* The double appeal led to such a storming of the kiosks and the *librairies* that the first impression was sold out almost immediately, and the succeeding impressions were just as swiftly snapped up.

"American authoresses plump for the cave man"

I DOUBT if you would get many of the hundred thousand to confess that they had joined the ranks of the longing legion. It constitutes one of the most silent, self-kicking armies that has ever been constituted. And if the book has augmented the number of perfect lovers by a single unit, I shall be profoundly surprised. For what does "La Possession" amount to? As a story it would have to be classed as feeble, except for the description of a "trial marriage," which possesses the dubious interest of shocking *bourgeois* susceptibilities.

THERE remains the promised revelation of how to become the perfect lover. *Eh bien,* what constitutes the perfect lover according to Mme. Raymonde Machard, set up as an authority by her publishers? Here he is: "Il est doux, si doux qu'on oublie qu'il est homme." The marvellous secret! For purposes of conquest Don Juan must garb himself in a cloak of femininity! Yet I seem to recall that Miss Ethel M. Dell lays it down that the perfect lover is a very silently strong man, while American authoresses plump for the "cave man." And they are not *débutantes* as novelists.

MME. RAYMONDE MACHARD apparently considers that the Frenchman is in an exceptional position in the sense that she approaches the question from the standpoint of the manner in which the Frenchwoman, in her belief, likes to be wooed. She says, for

(Continued on page 88)

Delicious
OVALTINE
TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE
GIVES
GLORIOUS
HEALTH
P.458

example, that she has been invited to lecture on "Love" in a neighbouring country before an exclusively masculine audience, but declined because, while it might be possible with an audience of Frenchmen, "who have a particular comprehension of woman and are gifted with superior tact," it would be impossible with foreigners. Well, well, there may be a lot in what the lover-teaching authoress avers, but personally I do not feel that she has contributed anything like so much to the art of lovemaking as her publishers have to the science of advertising. It is the ablest bit of work of its kind in this field that has ever been accomplished.

"To carry on a mild flirtation"

MAYBE it is a worrying job to be manager of an ordinary commercial theatre, but it seems to be a much more harassing task to be manager of a State theatre, even if one can count on subventions to help out an unsatisfactory balance sheet. M. Emile Fabre, at the Comédie Française, never seems to be out of hot water, for when he is not being scalded by the public and the Press he is being douched by half a dozen members of his capricious company, and M. Rouché, at the Opéra, is also a permanent target for slings and arrows.

I AM inclined to think that M. Rouché has made a great mistake, from the point of view of his own comfort, by his latest departure, by which he proposes to abolish the time-honoured custom which allows regular subscribers to the Opéra to go "behind the scenes." It may be possible to flout with an air of contempt Senators and Deputies who criticise his *répertoire* in Parliament, but it seems to me to be dangerous to alienate the subscribers who have been his allies against the Parliamentary critics.

THESE subscribers, the few silk-hatted, side-whiskered old Frenchmen still remaining, are no doubt willing to submit to the poverty of the *répertoire* so long as they are permitted to wander about the *coulisses*—for which they are accorded a key—and flatter themselves that they are still able to carry on a mild flirtation with the ballet dancers and the singers. But if the key is taken away from them, as M. Rouché proposes, then they will probably decide that the *répertoire* is even poorer than it really is, and cancel their subscriptions And many of these venerable gallants are quite capable of challenging the spoil-sport M. Rouché to a duel.

SOME very bright lads are associated with the Municipal Council of Paris. They have a really wonderful way of getting what they want out of the pockets of the ratepayers. The latest examples sound like part of the plot of a musical comedy. A municipal drawing competition was organised: as subject of the sketch a shot-gun and the rest of the rabbit-chaser's equipment. With the objects destined to be placed in view of the competitors were ordered two thousand rounds of shot. At the end of the *concours* the "specimens" disappeared.

THEN another drawing *concours* was arranged. This time the subject was a piano. At the termination of this contest the piano similarly vanished without leaving any trace. It is anticipated that the subject to be chosen for the next municipal drawing test will be a villa by the sea. After which there will be a "retirement" while the going is good. RENÉ.

"The desire to acquire the little finishing touch was irresistible"

"I HEAR Jones has lost his wife."

"Well, all I can say is he didn't deserve to lose her!"

. . . . .

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL says that business is getting better. In spite of his assurance, it certainly is.

BASIC BALANCE

IF you would win the race, your car must be built for speed. Appearance, comfort and economy are left behind: speed only is with you.

If you demand small petrol consumption you must sacrifice power, speed, body accommodation and the weight and smoothness which belong to sturdy construction.

If you would have ultra-luxurious coachwork, and the effect which is dependent upon size, you can have them, if capital expenditure and upkeep costs are not denying factors.

Each of these qualities is desirable. Yet in no one car are all attainable — unless each is so proportioned as not to extinguish the other.

Extremes are spectacular: balance alone is useful; especially under the exacting demands of the present day. The proportioning which yields the maximum value is that which makes the motor-car a quick, comfortable, safe and reliable means of transit.

IN the new Vauxhall 20-60 this new conception of balanced values is basically applied, each detail making contribution to the grand result. Note what this means—

Big power at low speeds as a supreme basis — hills, therefore, are no obstacles, crowded streets impose no strain; silent, silky, vibrationless engine operation; springs in which deflection is calculated — not guessed; well-designed coachwork with ample leg and elbow room — long journeys do not weary; rapid acceleration and high-speed hill climbing through a four-speed gear-box; a maximum speed of 60 — and more; really powerful and reliable brakes — to check speed effectually and promptly, and to rob the steepest descent of menace; petrol consumption not less than 20 m.p.g.; chassis price £375, tourer £475, saloon £495 and other types up to £735; Vauxhall quality in every detail; Vauxhall efficiency in every feature; Vauxhall gracefulness in every line. This is BASIC BALANCE.

For further details write for "The New Vauxhall and why it is the Six Superexcellent."

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RACING NOTIONS . . By "Carbine"

In Action Again

ALTHOUGH this is the slackest time of the racing year, regular followers of National Hunt sport were decidedly glad to be able to get busy again last week at Plumpton and Haydock Park after a long stoppage. Interest in winter racing will appreciably quicken now that the entries for the Grand National have appeared. Happily, there is now no reason to bottle up a horse for fear that he will incur a penalty in the premier steeplechase. It was a wise move when penalties were discarded in connection with this race. The only thing trainers now have to worry about is to time the preparation of their horses so that they shall be fighting fit on the great day at Aintree.

A Huge Meeting

THERE is not the slightest sign of any diminution in the popularity of the Grand National. On the contrary, entries are heavier than ever this season. Those who fondly supposed the increase in the cost of running horses in this race would make for smaller fields have had to acknowledge that they were completely out of their reckoning. This time the entry of 112 easily constitutes a record. Last season Sprig beat the largest field ever known in the history of the Grand National, but the chances are that there will be an even greater number of runners next March. The huge size of the field naturally tends to make the steeplechase something of a lottery. In the first circuit of the course many horses are put out of the race through no fault of their own. One advantage, however, is that riderless horses do not cause the same amount of trouble as they did in the old days, the removal of the rails on the inside of the course enabling them to run clear of the surviving competitors.

BY "THE TOUT"

Percy Woodland, of "National" fame, is one of the big jumping trainers of to-day, and has something like forty horses in training at Cholderton. Victor Tabor has a big string at Tadworth; he married Miss May Woodland, and both are famous figures at all the big meetings. Mr. Cecil Langlands is a really accomplished gentleman rider, and, although he has not been riding in public more than a couple of seasons, lacks nothing in courage and can hold his own with the best. Among his horses is the appropriately named What Luck, whom he has ridden to victory on several occasions

French Menace

SOME weeks ago I was able to state that the entry would include at least two notable French 'chasers. It is certain that the presence of The Coyote and The Ace II will add materially to the interest of this great sporting affair. Both have proved themselves in their own country to be jumpers of exceptional calibre. The former was the winner last summer of the Grand Steeplechase de Paris, while twelve months previously The Ace II, when only four years old, finished second in the same event. Their owners have done wisely in sending the horses to England to complete their preparation for the Grand National. The Ace II has joined George Poole's team at Lewes, while The Coyote is to be trained by Walter Nightingall at Epsom. Another French entry is Maguelonne, the property of Count de Jumilhac, an enthusiastic polo player and racing man. You will see, therefore, that it is by no means improbable that the French triumph gained by Lutteur III nineteen years ago will be repeated.

A Fine Timber Topper

AMERICAN owners are also taking a practical interest in the big prize at Liverpool. Mr. Howard Bruce, the Master of the Elkridge Hounds in the U.S.A., has sent Billy Barton across the Atlantic for the special purpose of taking his place in the National field. It is impossible to say how this horse will shape over the big fences, but it is certain that he is in the right hands, the Hon. Aubrey Hastings having taken charge of him since his arrival here. I notice he has been entered for several races during the ensuing month.

HUNTING NOTES . . By A. W. Coaten

Trouble

THE past few weeks have been deeply disturbing for hunting folk in a great many countries. The long stoppage of sport by the snow which began at Christmas was aggravating. It is no joke to see one's horses eating their heads off for a fortnight at a stretch. But we have had these prolonged breaks before, and, though we were lucky enough to escape them last season, they are all in the game of an English winter. Vastly more serious is the recent spread of foot-and-mouth disease, which has stricken the countryside far and wide. Until Christmas the Shires were comparatively free from the scourge. But there came one evil day on which no fewer than twenty-six cases of cattle disease were notified, and the subsequent "stand still order" from the Ministry of Agriculture affected a large number of the fairest hunting countries. How long the packs in the Midlands will be affected by the latest foot-and-mouth regulations is uncertain at the time of writing, but as fresh outbreaks have been reported in the New Year it looks a bad business. First our sympathies must be directed to the farmers, who on top of all their other troubles are now finding the dire winter experiences of 1925-26 repeating themselves so far as the movement of their cattle is concerned. For hunting people it is bad luck to have the season so seriously interrupted when sport should be at its brightest and best.

Hardy Veterans

IT has been delightful to read in the papers lately about the performances of some of the veterans of the chase. I think the discussion arose as the result of an exploit with the Cottesmore by Mr. Henry Finch, of Manton, Oakham, one of the grand old men of the famous hunt, yet as keen as ever he was. A Yorkshire correspondent followed with the story of what Lord Barnby does in his eighty-something year, and Essex people then began to brag of an Epping octogenarian who is a marvel with hounds. The keenness of the ancients might be a wonderful inspiration for the youngsters if they needed any. I am not convinced, however, that foxhunting enthusiasm is any less than it was in the old days, either among the younger brigade or the old hands. And as for the ladies, well, many more of them hunt than was formerly the case, and a large proportion of them ride straight to hounds.

All Getting Older

I REMEMBER the late Mr. Maunsell Richardson, an unquestioned authority, expressing the opinion that never in the history of foxhunting were there so many or better riders of either sex than those who were hunting in the Shires in the first decade of the present century. I am sure his opinion would be emphasised if he could visit the scene of his own many fine riding exploits. But the cases of Mr. Finch and his fellow-veterans are exceptional, and we admire them the more on that account. My friend the late Sir Willoughby Maycock knew the frailties of his middle-aged brothers when he wrote an extra verse to his popular song in the following strain:—

When we go a-hunting nowadays we potter at the gaps,
'Cos we're all getting older every day;
It's no earthly use competing with the young, hard-riding chaps,
'Cos we're all getting older every day;
We can't face the oxer or the bullfinch any more,
We cast our eye around the field in hopes to find "a door"—
Yes, hang it all! We're not the men we used to be of yore,
'Cos we're all getting older every day.

At "Albert Hall-Under-Sea"

BY HELEN MCKIE

Our artist's impression of some of those who made merry at the Chelsea Arts Ball at the Royal Albert Hall last week. The theme for the decorations was "Under the Sea," and mermaids, fishes, and pirates—the last-named probably anticipating an early visit to Davy Jones's Locker—were well to the fore

MOTOR NOTES

UNDER PACIFIC SKIES

Miss Eleanor Boardman, a Metro-Goldwyn star, photographed on the Pacific slope. She is seen with her handsome Chrysler 60 coupé

To-day the Anglo-American Oil Co., Ltd., are placing on the market their new anti-knock fuel. It is not strictly new; as is well known, it has been used for some years past in all departments of motor cycle and motor racing, and has been on the American market also for some years past. But it is new to us motorists in this country, and will doubtless be taken up with great interest. In brief, the composition is simply first quality Pratts Petrol, with the addition of one teaspoonful to the gallon of what is called "Ethyl" Fluid. This is a liquid consisting of tetraethyl lead, ethylene dibromide, halowax oil, and red aniline dye. The first of these is the constituent which eliminates knocking; the second prevents the tetraethyl lead from forming lead oxide during combustion and depositing on sparking plug electrodes, valve seats and valve stems. Halowax oil is an efficient lubricant which keeps the exhaust valve stems from becoming dry. This, in turn, prevents sticking and burning of valves. The red aniline dye is used in minute quantities for the purpose of identifying this brand of petrol. The utility of Pratts Ethyl petrol is twofold. It eliminates knocking or pinking from any engine that suffers from this trouble. That is the boon which it offers to the ordinary every-day motorist. In the second place, it makes the use of higher compressions possible. No alteration is needed to the carburetter. The carbon deposit is altered in colour to a grey or reddish-grey tinge. It is claimed not to injure the engine in any way. The price per gallon is one penny more than benzol mixture

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Somewhat of a sensation was created during last month when it was announced that the well-known Holland Park Hall in Notting Hill had been purchased by the Austin Motor Company, Ltd. They will use the premises for the wholesale distribution of Austin cars and as a service depot for London and district. Holland Park Hall has a total floor area, including gallery, of nearly two acres. It is in a unique position, within easy reach of the present Austin Service Depot and showrooms in Oxford Street, which will still be retained in commission.

***

It is gratifying to hear that Major H. O. D. Segrave, the world's fastest motorist, has placed an order for a 14 h.p. Hillman car, for his own use. This will come as a surprise to most motorists who imagine that a racing man must necessarily drive a car which is capable of at least 100 miles per hour. The Hillman, a sound British car with no more than a 60 m.p.h. maximum, is Major Segrave's own choice. Moreover (lest there be any doubt!), let me add that he has bought and paid for this car in the ordinary way. For the past few years Major Segrave has been Britain's premier road racing motorist. But he put all previous successes in the shade when he attained a speed of 207 m.p.h. at Daytona Beach in his 1,000 h.p. twin-engined Sunbeam car. It is very satisfactory that this famous motorist, who has a choice of the world's productions at his disposal, should, at the conclusion of his racing career, pin his faith to a medium-powered car of Coventry manufacture.

E. M. Wright.

The Doggy Library

TIPS WORTH TAKING

By "THE KENNELMAN"

Terriers of all breeds will be at home to their numerous admirers (National Terrier Club's Show) at the Crystal Palace next Wednesday, January 18.

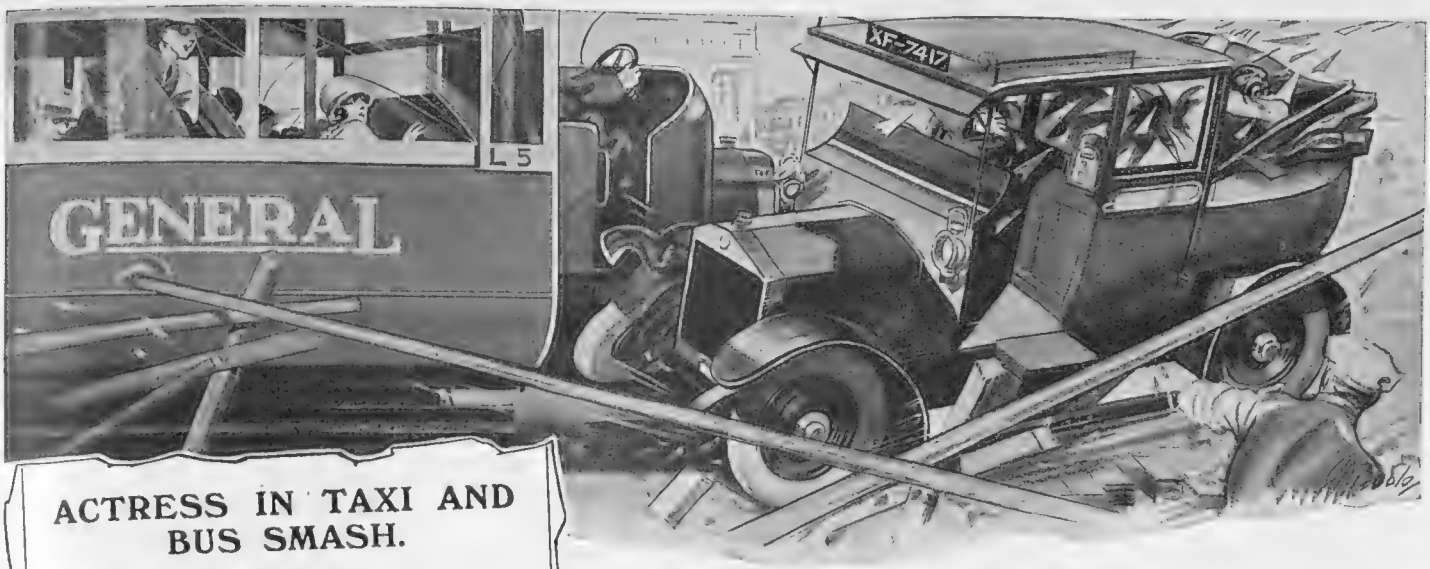
The average Christmas Number is apt to get thrown aside as out of date before the old year's out, but it's worth while to preserve those of specialist doggy interest in some kind of rough portfolio for the kennel shelf, because the best of them are valuable works of reference for the whole year by reason of their portraits of the leading Dogs of the day, addresses of breeders, and general information. This applies specially to the Christmas Numbers of "Our Dogs," "The Dog World," and the P.D.S.A. journal, "The Animals' Advocate" (14, Clifford Street, W.), which records the tenth birthday of that admirable organisation, The People's Dispensaries for Sick Animals of the Poor, is practical: an institution every Dog-lover should support.

Another New Year's item for the kennel bookshelf is a book by Capt. Jocelyn Lucas, the author of "Pedigree Dog Breeding." This is a handy first-aid manual, with some very taking illustrations: "Simple Doggy Remedies" (Simpkin, Marshall, 3*s.* 6*d.*). Two valuable features it has that many such works lack: a decent Table of Contents and a good, simple diagram of the anatomy of the Dog. (It's perfectly astonishing how many admirers of Dogs are more completely ignorant of the interior structure and economy of their friends than Kipps was of his "chubes.") Captain Lucas's tips are sound. He realises the vital truth that prevention is ever so much better than cure, recognises the importance of early diagnosis, and rightly stresses the common-sense rule: "When in doubt send for the Vet."—*ek dum.* The chapter on feeding, by Mr. Hutchinson, is too brief, too merely biscuity, to help much; but Capt. Lucas's is a good, useful little book.

From a reader in Winchester:—"'The Kennelman' may like to know that my Vet.—a genuine canine specialist if ever there was one, and a real friend of Dogs—says nothing could be sounder or more practical than The Bystander hints on the treatment of Distemper, especially regarding (1) early recognition and treatment; (2) avoiding infection; (3) the all-importance of nursing. He adds: 'Intelligent owners of Dogs should make a point of reading the very informing lecture given by Major G. W. Dunkian at the recent R.V.C. Show. It was printed in full in the last November issue of the 'Veterinary Record,' and summarised in 'Our Dogs,' December 2. As Veterinary Superintendent of the Medical Research Council's Farm Laboratories, Major Dunkian is in a position to give invaluable expert guidance in a matter which concerns every Dog-owner."

Another correspondent (writing from Innsbruck) is much interested in the recent tip from Mr. Ryke, of Cape Town, as to the importation of South African Greyhounds for racing in England. "They certainly have a fleeter quarry in the springbok than any hare ever coursed in England, and the speed they reach in running down buck is really amazing. For that matter, unless I am mistaken, I have seen Salukis and Afghan Hounds in Northern India travelling faster than any of the White City Dogs; and a good Borzois takes a deal of beating.

Enquirers about correct dietary for racing Dogs, by the way, should refer to "Spillers Dog and Poultry Journal," 40, St. Mary's Axe, E.C.3. The name of the racing Greyhound food is Winalot. The journal's other information about Dog-feeding is very sound.



ACTRESS IN TAXI AND BUS SMASH.

Miss [redacted] [redacted] Badly Cut by Flying Glass.

Miss [redacted] [redacted] of the [redacted] Players Company, another woman and a man were injured in a collision between a taxicab and a motor bus in Knightsbridge this afternoon.

Miss [redacted] is detained in St. George's Hospital with severe cuts about the face.

The accident occurred near to the Wilton-place corner, where road repairs are in progress.

The driver of the 'bus, Joseph [redacted] sustained severe shock, and was also detained.

An "Evening Standard" representative was informed at the [redacted] Theatre this afternoon that, owing to her injuries, mainly cuts about the face, Miss [redacted] would probably not be able to appear

Extract from "The Evening Standard," 19th September, 1927.

ARE YOU TAKING THIS RISK?

ANY vehicle glazed with ordinary glass is a potential death trap, for at the least shock or blow such glass will fly into numerous jagged splinters. *Triplex* Safety Glass eliminates all danger from this, the source of the majority of personal injuries in an accident. *Be warned in time.*

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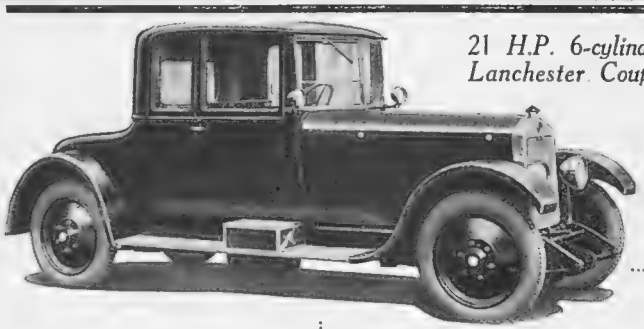

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A BYSTANDER among the BOOKS

by Ralph Straus

THE explorations of Mr. Donald Maxwell continue apace. He is an indefatigable person; you cannot imagine him settling down anywhere. He will discover, maybe, the "perfect village," oddly named and hitherto believed by most people to be off the map, and you conclude that at last he has decided on the site for a house for himself and his descendants. But a week or two later he will be found—asking awkward questions of the natives—two or three hundred miles off with half a dozen other perfect villages, so to speak, in his pocket, and a whole series of new enthusiasms ready to be crystallised into another of those delectable "Unknown" books.

Unknown Somerset (Lane: 15*s.* net) follows the best Maxwellian rules. It has quite a number of rough little maps, but will be of no use at all as a guide book, which is just as it should be. These fascinating little towns and hamlets may really exist, but they must be discovered fortuitously or viewed through Mr. Maxwell's eyes. You might imagine that Somerset would be sufficiently well known, but could you say offhand where Sedgemoor is to be found, or where King Alfred burnt those historical cakes? Do you know Butcombe Church or Chew Magna? And would you give your vote to Nunney as the perfect village? What, too, of Cow Castle? Here, indeed, even an old stager like Mr. Maxwell had trouble, but, as his admirers know, there are Sherlockian qualities about him, and The Adventure of Mr. Brown's Postcard takes its place amongst Dr. Watson's most thrilling narratives.

❋

ALMOST picturesque record it is of agreeable rambles, and much the same may be said of *The Book of the Clyde* (Lane: 12*s.* 6*d.* net), wherein that truly noble river is traced from its source to its mouth. In Scotland, according to Mr. Maxwell, you may be a most successful explorer if you have tact. The Clyde passes through some curious country before it comes to Glasgow, and the natives can be pleasantly discursive. Mr. Maxwell, of course, had adventures, and his pencil and brush were kept very busy. Here, too, are some more of those drawings in colour which ought to be printed in duplicate. (One does not want to pull a nice book to pieces.)

I HAVE been greatly intrigued by a novel called *Blondel* (Benn: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) by Hugh Kingsmill. Blondel, you remember, was minstrel to Richard Cœur-de-Lion. A generation ago he might have figured in an "historical novel" of the solitary horseman type, and spoken a mediæval lingo, and possibly sworn strange oaths, and remained a coldly picturesque and rather bloodless hero. Mr. Kingsmill allows him and the people he meets during his wanderings through Europe to speak as men speak to-day; and as a result he becomes a real human being.

You see him in love with the very beautiful but worthless Anne; you see him with the king; you see him with his various rivals; and your heart goes out to the poor little man who is so often fated to be cruelly disillusioned. It is a very strange book indeed. There are moments when you wonder whether you are going to be interested, but these are almost invariably followed, and quickly, by others when you know that no such question ought to have arisen. Indubitably you *are* interested: more, you are enthralled. These folk of long ago used to seem stiff and archaic and slightly inhuman. Mr. Kingsmill shows you that they were little different from ourselves. Moreover, Blondel's story, as he contrives it, is subtly dramatic. You become aware of a delicate artistry. The book is no Shavian satire, and it is no Erskinian joke. It is oddly fascinating and wholly unusual. You must read it, and I will hazard a guess that after doing so you will want to turn back here and there, the better to appreciate its fine points.

A SOLDIER ARTIST

A painting of an "Officer of the 16th Lancers, 1840," which is included among the works by the Earl of Ypres, an exhibition of whose paintings opened last Thursday at the Goupil Galleries. The artist, who is, of course, the son of the first Lord Ypres, the hero of Mons, was in the Royal Artillery and served in the Great War

❋

MR. NEVILLE BRAND'S new story, *Black River* (Lane: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), is an adventurous business staged in one of those picturesquely bloodthirsty South American Republics which ought to be on the map even if they are not. Two most peculiar characters—a man and his wife—are endeavouring to conserve their interests there—always a difficult affair when politics and commerce and the primitive emotions become mixed up together—and a pleasant young Englishman is invited to help them. He does so, and meets with his fill of thrilling adventure. The native Indians play their dreadful part in the proceedings; there is a curious airman to add a touch of mystery to the matter; there are hair's-breadth escapes, and there is a hint of delicate romance. I do not consider that *Black River* is the best of Mr. Brand's novels, but it is virile and exciting and very well written.

❋

WHEN Lord Lathom's plays were produced they created a certain amount of not too favourable criticism. Some people thought him too "modern," others too "slight," others again no more than a slightly vulgar caricaturist. In *The Curtain Goes Up* (Secker: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) you may now read the three plays in a charmingly produced volume, and at least they make interesting, if rather startling, reading. And, in any case, Lord Lathom's preface will interest even those who, like myself, feel some relief that theatre-going has not yet been made compulsory for all adults with votes.

R. S.

Two New Maps

Two maps recently issued by Messrs. G. W. Bacon & Co., Ltd., of Norwich Street, Fetter Lane, should fill a long-felt want. The one is a new map of the London postal area and the other a reversible map for motorists, showing on one side the roads around London, with particular attention to the new by-pass roads, and on the other side a motor map of South England. This latter map should be invaluable, in view of the number of new arterial and by-pass roads which have been made on the outskirts of London.

Sussex and Youth

Mr. G. D. Martineau needs no introduction to readers of THE BYSTANDER, and in his book of verse, which Messrs. Methuen have recently published at 4*s.* 6*d.* net, entitled "A Score, A Score and Ten," are to be found some of the poems which have appeared in this paper. Mr Martineau has a lilting pen, and though his main theme is of Sussex, perhaps his happiest verses are those of boyhood, the verse entitled "The Dreamer," which has appeared in THE BYSTANDER, being particularly delightful.

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It is fitted with the most up-to-date installations: every possible Thermal cure—be it electric or medicated—can be followed there. The charges for the most elaborate treatment are extremely reasonable, and yet, in this spacious and comfortable building, the greatest comfort is combined with the most careful attention, down to the slightest detail.

It is open from the middle of November to the first week in May on every day of the week excepting Sundays and Fête Days. The hours are from 8.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m., and from 3.30 to 6 p.m.

Dr. Jean Boyer, who superintends this establishment, holds consultations in the morning, from 10 a.m. till 12 noon, and every afternoon from 3.30 to 6 p.m. This eminent physician is a thoroughly competent radiologist, and is most expert at giving the various treatments which may have been advised by the patients' own doctors.

This fact is so well known by the medical profession in general that the most serious cases are entrusted to his care, and almost without exception this proves to be of the greatest benefit to the patients.

The two treatments which are universally known and recommended, those of Vichy and Plombiéres, are carried out here in their entirety and with particularly satisfactory results.

The Hammam or Turkish Bath is very popular with the majority of Monte Carlo's visitors. It is reserved for the ladies every Thursday morning and on Tuesday and Friday afternoons, the alternate days being given over to the gentlemen.

The Zhender Institute, which is perhaps the most complete in the world, is fitted up with every possible appliance appertaining to Mecanotherapy. This is a boon to everyone suffering from Rheumatism, as well as to those in need of muscular exercise, therefore it is always well patronised.

A pretty spot in the Monte Carlo Casino Gardens.

General view of Monte Carlo showing portion of the Harbour.

30 Fruit Drinks for 2/-

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Don't ask for Squash:

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Pipe, Cigar or Cigarette—no matter which—the delicate membranes of the throat object to smoke, which eventually produces irritation, either mild or severe. There are few smokers who have not experienced the uncomfortable effect of "one cigarette too many." To prevent this, take an "Allenburys" Glycerine and Black Currant Pastille occasionally between smokes and let it dissolve slowly in the mouth. Containing pure glycerine and the luscious fresh juice of ripe black currants, they are delightfully soothing. They effectually remove the smell of smoke from the breath.

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Allenburys
Glycerine & Black Currant PASTILLES

Femina

IN JANUARY

By "CANDIDA"

WOMEN are wonderful creatures. Nothing discourages them. They never admit failure when on the track of an idea, least of all those who haven't too many ideas to pursue. They're undaunted by the difficulties of living up to an impossible standard. In short, nobody shirked the duty of wearing pale silken legs just as usual, though an icy north-east wind whistled round street corners and dirty snow lay thick in forgotten squares.

NATURALLY, there are ways of tempering the wind to the legs aforesaid. There are handsome gaiters by the mile, with endless buttons, though how to find time for the buttoning is the problem? And leggings with zip fastenings, which would be ideal if one were quite certain that the zip part would never fail one at the critical moment. But the best people are not interested in gaiters, and are not wearing them—at least not the fraction that remains here in January. And, although photographs of celebrities doing nothing in particular in the sun, and of others performing dizzy feats on snowy slopes, are conspicuous in all the best magazines, still it's quite a big fraction that remains, if the multitude on New Year's Eve was anything to go by.

ALL the same, there are endless crowds at Victoria Station every day, crowds with Switzerland written all over them, though people no longer travel with their snow implements strapped to their boxes. At some time or other nearly everybody nibbles at a winter sports holiday, if only for a fortnight. It's just the thing for nerves, so we're told, for overwork, or overplay. It keeps your weight down, or it sends it up, and Heaven knows how it can manage both, but it does. To lots of people winter wouldn't be winter without a few strenuous weeks of terrific exercise at both ends, I mean of ski-ing all the morning and dancing all night. Where would they be without their "dazzling peaks stretching into endless blue, and fairy forests glittering with diamond dust, through which one glides on the wings of a perfect morning." . . . And they never put it any differently when they tell you the story of their adventures; not unless they're quite young, and the game is more to them than the place it's played in. But it did seem like the irony of fate that they were short of snow over there while we had so much more than we'd ever bargained for.

THE New Year's news is that the Paris people are planning breeches, not only for serious work with a ball, or a car, or a plane, but for sauntering down Regent Street of a morning. I shall believe it when I see it, and not even then. Breeches don't harmonise with those pale, silken stockings that are so pluckily *en evidence* even when it snows.

GETTING LOCAL COLOUR

Miss Pauline Johnson, the British screen star who plays lead in several British films, including "One of the Best" and "Hell Cat." Hence the mascot she is holding!

Especially when it snows. As I've said before, they're above the weather, and keep themselves unspotted from the mud that does for lesser legs. Cars roll by, 'buses splash past, and the mud they scatter must land somewhere, so you'd think. It's a miracle how lovely woman does it. It reminds me of the fairy tales my French governess told me when I was an untidy imp with the usual affection for grubby hands and pinafores. She adored reminiscensing of beautiful ladies at great functions, and how they trailed the splendour of their trains over the dusty grass at Longchamp or somewhere. No; they never lifted them up, because it wasn't done. And there was never a speck of dirt on the splendour. Nice people simply didn't get dirty, and that was that.

Hughes

MISS GABRIELLE MORTON

Who will appear in the British Filmcraft's adaptation of E. Temple Thurston's play "The Blue Peter." She takes the part of Rosie Callaghan, which was played on the stage by Miss Dorothy Minto

NICE people are never cold when it's the fashion to have next to nothing on, and they're never hot when it's the other way round. But sometimes I wonder if there's anything wonderful enough in this marvellous London of ours to make up for an English January? There are the sales, of course; only in these days it's impossible to have a nice little bargain all to yourself and to astonish your nearest and dearest with something frightfully chic you've picked up for next to nothing. Everybody knows about everything, where to go and when.

EVERYBODY goes to the sales. The superior people get up early, dash into 'buses and stand in *queues* in the rain, and all the rest of it. They also buy things not because they want them, but because it would be a sin to let them go. What all the world is seeking is to get something for nothing. And if sale goods do delude you into believing that you've almost done it, why, then they're cheap at any price.

THUS have I been seeking consolation in sales because the New Year's prospects are not cheering. "Don't waste time and energy on easy optimism. Life's going to be just what you make it," the New Year's prophets have told us. Obvious of them, isn't it? The same old story. Isn't life always what we make it? What we're looking for is a life we haven't got to make, deserts we don't deserve, opportunities we haven't worked for—something for nothing. And we don't look like getting it—not in 1928, anyway.

CANDIDA.

OUR PLEDGE TO PLEASE

IN the turmoil of Christmas shopping little mistakes will occur. One sometimes feels afterwards that the correct choice has not been made.

This happens in the Ciro Salons as elsewhere, but Ciro Pearls Ltd. are not content to let matters rest thus. They invite any purchaser or recipient of Ciro Pearls or Jewellery to write or call if, in any detail, the article does not conform exactly to their desire. They will readily make any exchange or remove any dissatisfaction, for they are pledged to please —always.

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Fashion's Fancies

By CYNTHIA

Horrockses' Ville de Chene is an exquisite lingerie fabric which is as reliable as it is attractive, and well repays dainty work

Somewhere the Sun is Shining—

On the Riviera, for instance, and in the various other "Sun Spots," to which so many lucky people are bound, now that Christmas Festivities are a thing of the past, the frocks and hats that have been good friends to us during the fog and rain of early winter will most certainly not pass muster in brighter climes.

Lovely Lingerie

Lingerie, just as much as outer garments, must be included in the general overhaul, lest it partake of a certain dinginess which might pass unnoticed under our own murky skies. And with expenditure on all sides heavy, it is comfort indeed for the woman whose income is not elastic, to realise that in Horrockses Ville de Chene she has an exquisite fabric, that, with all the effect and feel of silk, is extraordinarily inexpensive. All drapers stock it in no fewer than thirty-two of the season's shades. Very many women prefer to-day to make their own lingerie, and in the case of Ville de Chene they can be assured that dainty work is not wasted, for it washes and wears quite admirably, and all shades are guaranteed "fast."

An Attractive Coiffure

And it is not only imperfections of the wardrobe that are shown up by a clear atmosphere and bright sunlight. Muddy complexions and faded discoloured hair are also brought rather cruelly into prominence. Luckily, in the latter connection, Inecto is at hand, the process that will recolour grey hair in half an hour, completely restoring it to its original colour, with all its soft sheen and youthful texture. It is an entirely simple process that can be undertaken at home, and those interested will be well advised to write to The Inecto Salons, 32, Dover Street, W., and 15, North Audley Street, W., for their explanatory booklet.

The Importance of Freshness

It's indeed a lucky woman who can start on her travels with an entirely new outfit, but one that is absolutely fresh and indeed as good as new is within everyone's reach, if they have their wardrobe cleaned and refinished by Achille Serre, Ltd., the famous dyers and cleaners, who have branches and agencies practically everywhere. Any of these will supply a price list—or one is always forthcoming by return of post from the Head Office and Works, Hackney Wick, E.9.

The Bien Soignée Woman's New Year resolution . . . to have her wardrobe cleaned by Achille Serre, Ltd.

Sketches by Beta

Spring Millinery

YES, certainly, although we are only in mid-channel, as regards winter according to the calendar! Who would go to meet the sun in hats that are obviously labelled "For dull weather only?" At Messrs. Henry Heath, Ltd., 105, Oxford Street, W., there is an enormous variety of Riviera models from which to choose, all of which look forward in style to the spring. Three are sketched here. Reading downwards the first one, designed on largish lines with a view to protecting the complexion, is carried out in white straw, with a gauged edge, embroidered in wool, and this same trimming is carried round the crown. For the second, of the fashionable cloche shape, black velvet and white straw are used. And the third, brimless and very smart, is expressed in brown cloth, with a metal buckle at the side. And, please note, those who love bargains (and who doesn't) that all Henry Heath's very large stock of Winter models are, in view of the arrival of the spring stock, very considerably reduced during the month of January.

Southward bound! These Early Spring models from Henry Heath, Ltd., 105, Oxford Street, W.

What they are Wearing in the South

THE most serious mistake any woman can make is to go South without including in her wardrobe a coat that, although light in weight and, of course, the last word in smartness, is still sufficiently warm adequately to protect her against the cold winds that so often blow. Sketched on this page are two delightful models, destined for the Riviera, from Messrs. Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, W. One of the new Rodier fabrics, in fawn and gold, carries out the one on the left, which is trimmed with flying squirrel in a lovely shade of golden brown. Cedar-brown Ottoman silk expresses the right-hand model, and mink tails provide the attractive trimming. And, by the way, Messrs. Debenham and Freebody's Stocktaking Sale, which began on January 9, and lasts until the 21st, provides a really wonderful opportunity of obtaining at greatly reduced prices, original Paris models, reliable furs, up-to-date sports wear—indeed, anything and everything that goes to the making of the smart woman's wardrobe. Original Paris models, for instance, that at the beginning of the season were priced from 30 to 55 guineas, are indeed tempting propositions at 18½ guineas. So are the large variety of handsome fur coats, the more so in view of the fact that, owing to a serious increase in the price of raw skins, all prices must be considerably increased when the present stock is exhausted.

An Opportunity for Bargain Hunters

ONLY once a year do Burberrys of Haymarket offer the opportunity to purchase their famous weatherproofs, overcoats, suits and costumes at reduced prices, and that is during the January Sale—which this year commenced on December 28, when, as is their custom, they dispose of the entire stocks of garments accumulated during the past year, and others made up from short lengths, and other cloths that it is not intended to repeat in the New Year; in other words, a complete clearance of goods that would fetch their full value if it were desirable to hold them for that purpose, prior to the arrival of the new season's materials. The world's famous Burberry weatherproof, for example, is reduced during the sale to 73s. 6d. Ladies' overcoats, in both double and single-breasted styles, that were previously sold at 8 to 10½ guineas, are marked down to 5 guineas. Men's overcoats in proofed tweed coatings are offered at half their usual price of 8 guineas. Lounge suits in hard-wearing Cheviots are available at 4 guineas, although their proper value is 8 and 9 guineas, and even more.

Riviera models that combine smartness with adequate protection. From Messrs. Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, W.
Sketches by Margot

Hairdressing Up to Date

AND a word here on hairdressing and cutting . . . Even more important than usual at the moment, with both long and short hair styles so much more elaborate than they have been for some time past. Some women, of course, are extremely conservative as regards the way they dress their hair. They have found one way that suits them, and let all changes pass them by. Sometimes they are ringlets—sometimes they are not! Others, again, are only too anxious to conform with Fashion's decrees, if they can find a knowledgeable hairdresser who will lead them on the right path. Both these requirements The Phyllis Earle Salons, 32, Dover Street, W., and 15, North Audley Street, W., take into consideration. Not only are individual requirements of clients studied and their directions carefully followed, should they favour any particular style, but interesting suggestions that take into account all recent changes in Fashion are always at their disposal.

New Year Gifts

ARE you thinking of buying some New Year gifts? Either for yourself . . . or for the friends you were not in touch with at Christmas time? Something novel and up to date, but not necessarily expensive. Then you will be well advised to pay a visit to Messrs. Boots, 182, Regent Street, W., who have many novelties to offer in leather, silver, and enamel goods.

To-day and until 28th inst.

HAMPTONS' GREAT Furnishing SALE

FURNISHING FABRICS at Clearance Reductions

Hamptons' K1190. **1,200 yds. of a heavy quality Cretonne,** printed on a background of cream, grey, black and nigger brown. 31 in. wide.
← *As illustrated herewith.*
Reduced from 4/3 to 2/6 yd.

Hamptons' K1617. **500 yds. of heavy quality Tapestry** in artificial silk and cotton on a fawn, also blue background, with a chintz coloured design. 50 in. wide. *As illustrated herewith.* →
Reduced from 11/9 to 7/6 yd.

Hamptons' K1664. **900 yds. figured trellis Casement Cloth** in 12 rich colours. 50 in. wide.
Reduced from 2/11½ to 2/6½ per yard. In cream and biscuit, **reduced from 2/6 to 1/10½ per yard.**

Hamptons' K1524. **1,000 yards fine quality Egyptian Cotton** in cream and tussore. 50 in. wide.
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Hamptons' K1640. **850 yards Cotton stripe Damask,** a very effective design in blue with gold stripes, rose with fawn stripes, and gold with cream stripes. 50 in. wide.
Reduced from 3/11 to 2/11 per yard.

Hamptons' K1228. **175 yards good quality woven Tapestry** on a natural colour ground with the design in old world colours. Suitable for upholstery. 50 in. wide.
Reduced from 4/9 to 3/6 per yard.

Hamptons' K1095. **2,500 yds. of a beautiful design Cretonne,** printed on a well woven cloth, in gold, blue, green and cream ground. 31 in. wide.
← *As illustrated herewith.*
Reduced from 4/6 to 2/9 yd.

Hamptons' K1634. **260 yds. of Silk and Cotton Damask** in a beautiful design.
Colourings: Rose and blue. 50 in. wide.
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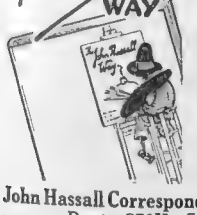
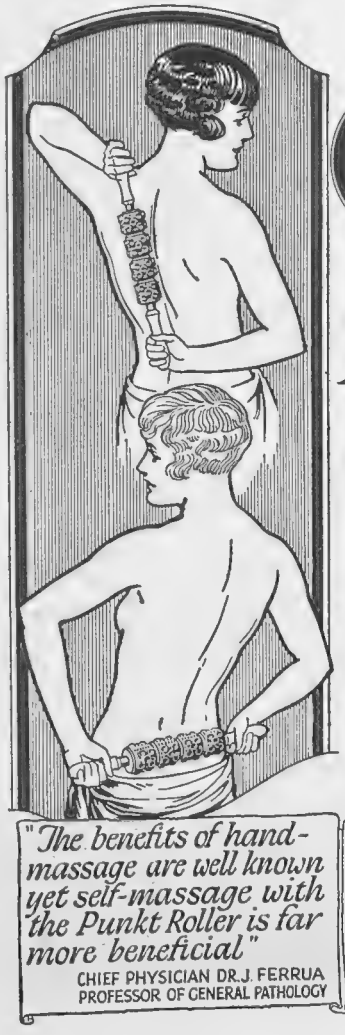


Mr. John Hassall, R.I., Principal, The John Hassall Correspondence Art School, Dept. 270H, St. Albans



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Face Punkt Roller -	7/6

The Punkt Roller is on sale at all branches of

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Be sure of the Trade Mark—"Mark on the Brow" No other apparatus is so effective in use.

A Sporting Record

For twins to be representing their country at the same time in different parts of the world must establish a record in the world of sport. Peter and George Kemp Welch, born 1907, are twin sons of Mr. Brian Kemp Welch, the managing director of Schweppes, Limited, of 147, Victoria Street, S.W., and Kineton, Warwickshire. Both were educated at Charterhouse School, where Peter represented the school at racquets and George was in the football and cricket elevens. The former, who has represented Cambridge at racquets, tennis and squash racquets since his first term, is accompanying the Hon. C. N. Bruce to the U.S.A. and Canada this month to represent England at racquets, and the latter, who played for Warwickshire last season as often as business would permit, is a member of the Hon. L. Tennyson's cricket team which is visiting the West Indies.

Autocar Services in Switzerland

On December 15, 1927, the Swiss Federal Postal Administration introduced through tickets and the through registration of baggage to and from London and the Postal Autocar Stations of Leuzerheide, Valbella, Waldhaus-Flims, Flims, Sils-Maria and Maloja. Hitherto, the regular connection between St. Moritz and Maloja was maintained by the autocars of the Federal Postal Administration also in winter time. This section having been extended, the postal autocars run regularly between St. Moritz and Castasegna in connection with the Italian autocar services to Chiavenna. Thus a new method of travelling, unique with regard to the vehicle used, is made available by Postal Autocar between Italy and Switzerland.

Educational Excursions

An innovation is announced by the Great Western Railway in the introduction of what are to be called Educational Excursions. The idea originated from the running of excursions to Swindon Locomotive Works to see the conditions under which the now famous "King" class locomotives were built. So successful were these that the company investigated the possibility of applying the principle to outside organisations of educational value. The movement is only in its infancy, but great developments are foreshadowed, and trips will be run from provincial towns as well as London. Arrangements have already been made for a trip from Paddington to the great chocolate works at Bristol to-day, January 11. Each excursion will be personally conducted; express trains equipped with restaurant cars will be provided, and the inclusive return fares will average only 6s. to 7s. There is little doubt that these excursions "with a purpose" will prove a very real success.

MUSIC IN MAYFAIR

The delicate spire containing the only carillon of bells in London, which was erected by Messrs. J. and E. Atkinson, Ltd., the famous perfumiers, above their premises in Old Bond Street. A carol recital was broadcast recently from here by the B.B.C.

"Now, Then!"

C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd., have published an entertaining volume at 2s. 6d. net entitled *Now Then!* and it has been published on behalf of the London Boy Scouts' Appeal Fund. The book contains an attractive list of contributors, including such famous names as Hugh Walpole, E. F. Benson, William Gerhardi, F. Tennyson Jesse, W. Pett Ridge, Lord Jellicoe, Viscount Knutsford, Sir Robert Baden-Powell, and Guy Nickalls, while among the illustrators are Arthur Rackham, Harry Rountree, Yoshio Markino, Hanslip Fletcher, and John Hassall. There are over 54,000 Boy Scouts in London alone, which means at least 54,000 "Good Turns" a day, and to maintain an efficient organisation a capital sum of £150,000 is required.

"A Gourmet's Year"

Once again the management of the Trocadero Restaurant presented to patrons on New Year's Eve a neat little diary, "A Gourmet's Year." Apart from the usual information found in a diary, this contains quotations from the pens of famous authors relative to the art of eating and drinking. These entertaining quotations have been collected by T. Michael Pope, and prove as entertaining as ever. This is the seventh year of publication of this diary.

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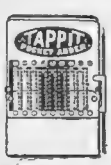

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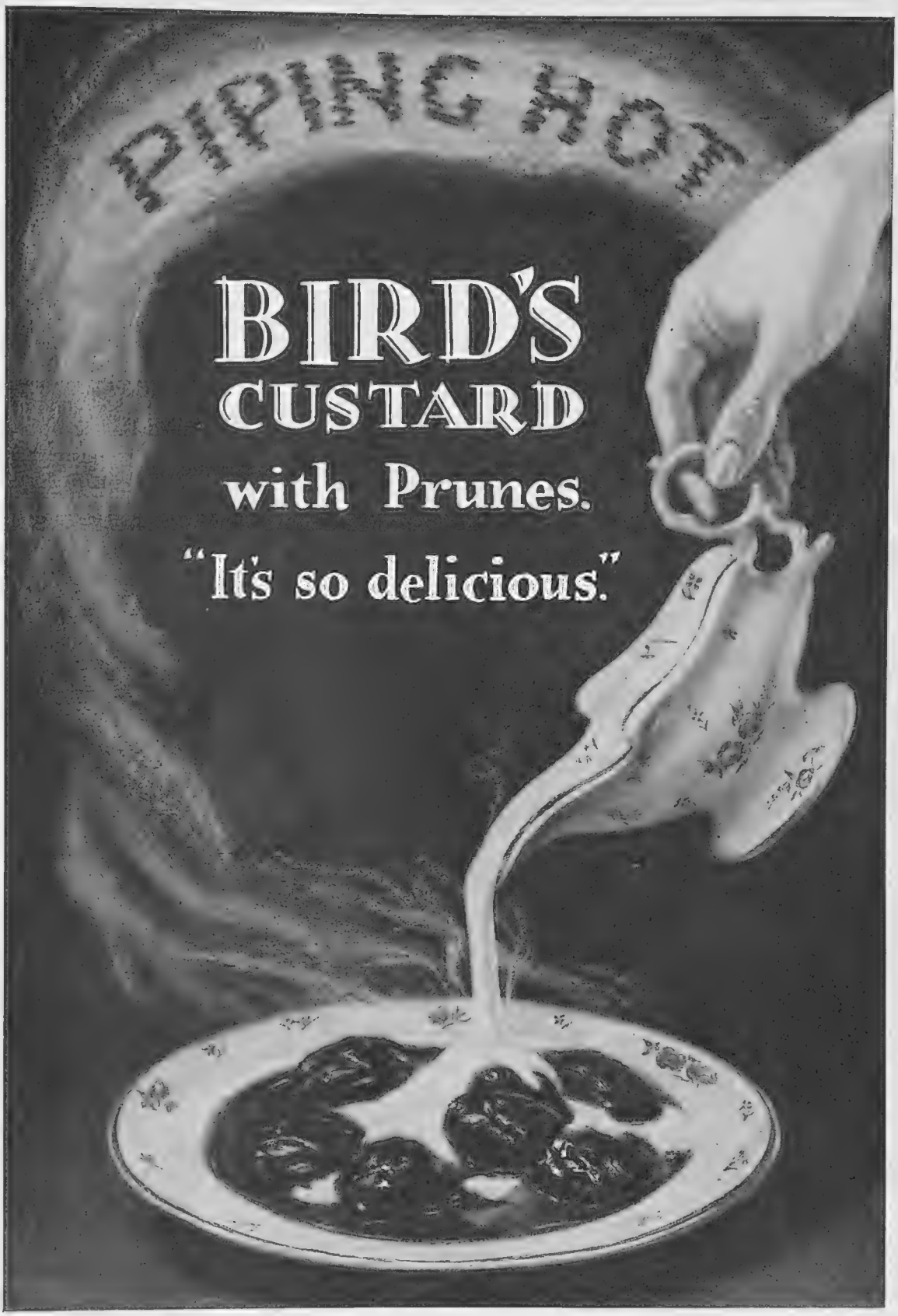

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VEGETABLE NOVELTIES

ARTICHOKES À L'ITALIENNE.
STEWED CELERY.
VERMICELLI POTATOES.
CHESTNUT SALAD.
ONION FRITTERS.

Artichokes à l'Italienne

TAKE the bottoms of some French artichokes, put them in a stewpan with some butter, white wine, a little stock, and lemon-juice. When cooked serve up with Sauce Italienne poured over. This sauce is a brown or white sauce with wine, chopped shallots, two or three mushrooms, and minced parsley.

Stewed Celery with Brown Sauce

Take as many heads of celery as may be wanted for a dish, lay them in cold water for some hours, parboil them in water for ten minutes, drain, and place them in a stewpan with as much stock as will cover them; add a small piece of glaze, pepper, salt, and a very little flour. Let all stew gently for an hour. When done, dish it up, strain the sauce, and pour over the celery.

Vermicelli Potatoes

Boil some potatoes very dry, mash them quite smoothly, season with salt and white pepper, and add about 1½ oz. of butter and two tablespoonfuls of cream. When nearly cold roll them into balls, sprinkle thickly over them some crushed vermicelli, and fry them a pale brown. If preferred they can be rolled in egg and breadcrumbs.

Chestnut Salad

Put about twenty-four chestnuts in the oven and cook them until the shells and skin can be easily removed; put into a stewpan and cover with stock or water. Add an onion, and boil until the nuts are tender. When cooked let them get cold. Cut up a head of celery into small pieces, chop up the chestnuts, and mix with the celery in a salad bowl. Season with salt and pepper, and pour over some mayonnaise sauce. Sprinkle with chopped parsley, and garnish with slices of hard-boiled eggs and tomato or beetroot.

Onion Fritters

Chop up an onion. Make a stiff batter with a tablespoonful of an egg, a little milk, pepper and salt. Mix all well together, and put a dessertspoonful at a time into a frying-pan of boiling lard or dripping. Brown the fritters on both sides and serve them as a savoury or handed round with rump steak. EMILIA.

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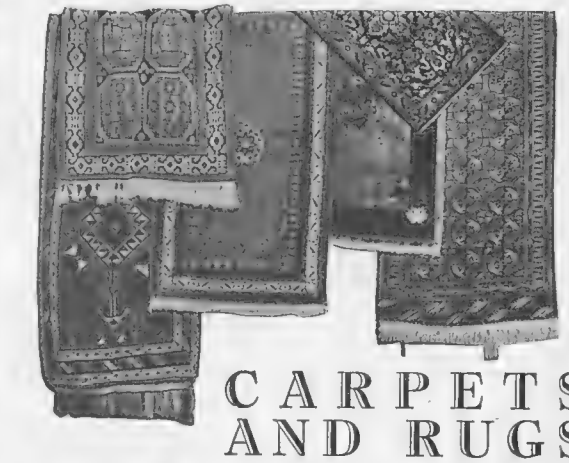

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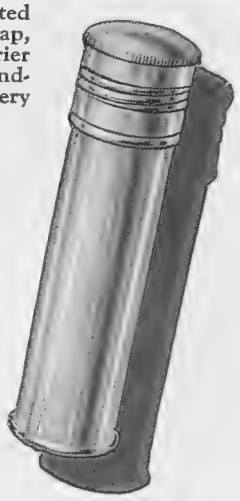

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SITTING in the winter's evening firelight the old Norse Mother tells her children of the beautiful princess whose raven black tresses turned ashen-grey in one night; and of the fairy godmother who took her magic wand and touched those silvery strands back to their glossy depths of dark glory.

Fairy days for most of us are over; but there are occasions when the old Norse legend seems to have been possible. That is when we see greyness vanish under the soft touch of Inecto and watch with joy the reappearance of the hair's natural colour with Nature's softness and her youthful sheen.

Your hairdresser will recolour your hair in thirty minutes with Inecto, or you can do so yourself successfully at home.

WRITE for the booklet which explains this simple process.

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Part the hair and gently rub in Cuticura Ointment until the whole scalp has been treated. Let the Ointment remain on for some time, over night if convenient. Then shampoo with a suds of Cuticura Soap and warm water. (Do not rub Soap on the hair.) Rinse thoroughly. A light application of Cuticura Ointment to the scalp between shampoos is often beneficial.

Soap 1s., Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d., Talcum 1s. 3d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 33, Banner St., London, E. C. 1.
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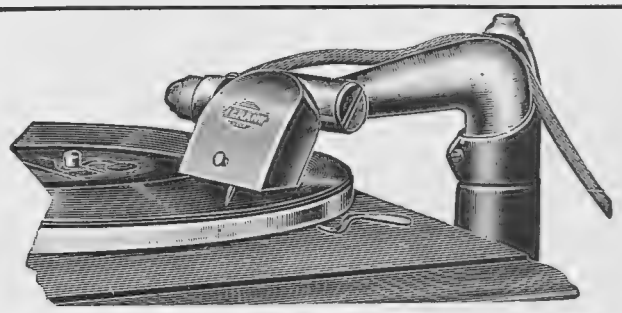

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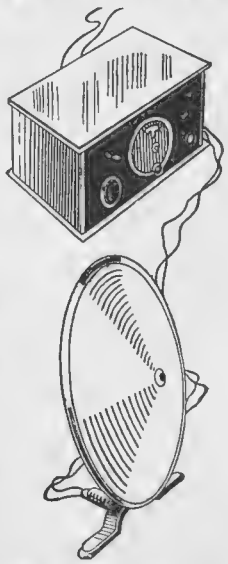

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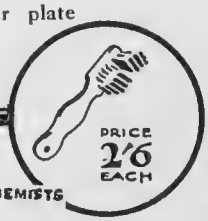

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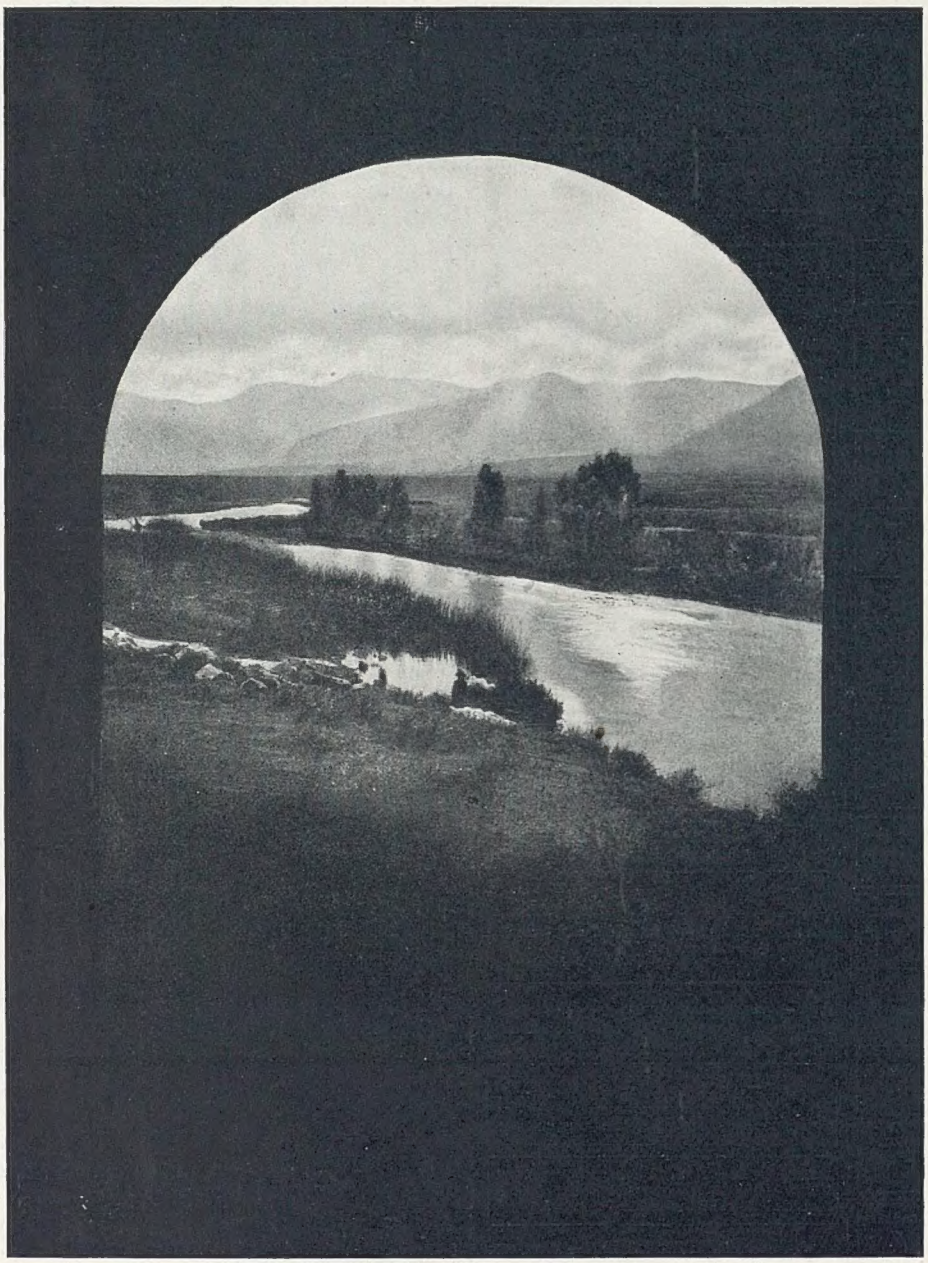

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